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BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.
SPENCER VOLUME VII.
All as the Sheep, such was the Shepherd's look
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
Shepherd's Calendar Januarie

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie——
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head——
And when thou art past Jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF J. BELL,
BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND,
BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1788.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS

SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR,
HYMNS,
VISIONS,
MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE,
PROTHALAMION,
EPITHALAMION,
&c. &c. &c.

Loe! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare;
And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continue till the World's dissolution——
Goe, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport;
Goe, but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort——
The better please, the worse displease; I aske no more.

SHEP. CAL. DEC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1788.

THE SHEPHERD's CALENDAR:

CONTAINING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONTHS.

Intituled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry,

MASTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOK.

Goe, little Booke! thy self present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will, for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepheard's swain say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any ask thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame,
Forthy there of thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO

JANUARY.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

The Argument.

THIS Aeglogue is a soliloque of Colin Clout, by which name the Poet meanth himself; complaining of his unprosperous love of Rosalind; and comparing his condition to that of his wretched weather-beaten flock, and to the rigorous season of the year.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD's boy (no better do him call),
When *winter's wastefull spight* was almost spent,

All in a sunshine-day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent:
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now uneathes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took;
Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile:
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plain'd, the while his sheep there fed:

"Ye Gods of love! that pity lovers pain
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity),
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my dolefull ditty.
And, Pan! thou shepherd's god, that once did love,
Pity the pains that thou thyself didst prove.

Thou barren ground, whom winter's wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight;
Whylom thy fresh spring flower'd, and after hasted
Thy summer proud, with daffadillies dight,
And now is come thy winter's stormy state,
Thy mantle marr'd wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as winter reigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold;
Such stormy stours do breed my balefull smart,
As if my years were waste and woxen old;

And yet, alas! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are cloath'd with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blosms, wherewith your buds did flower,
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in drery isicles remain.

Also my lustfull leafe is dry and sear,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted;
And from mine eyes the drizling tears descend,
As on your boughs the isicles depend.

Thou feeble Flock! whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,
Maist witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy master's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite forlorn:
With mourning pine I; you with pining mourn.

A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour
Wherein I long the neighbour town to see,
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breed both joy and pain!

It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he seek with daily suit;
His clownish gifts and courtesies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts been vain;
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

I love thilk lass (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural musick holdeth scorn.
Shepherd's device she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make

Wherefore, my Pipe, albe rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mind, yet canst not when thou should
Both pipe and Muse shall sore the while abie." 7
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did lie.

By that the welked Phœbus' gan avail
His weary wain, and now the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven 'gan over-hale; 7
Which seen, the pensive boy, half in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sullen sheep,
Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to
weep.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Anchora speme.

FEBRUARY.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

The Argument.

CUDDY, a young shepherd, inveighing against the season of the year, and comparing it to old age, which he treats with scorn, is reprov'd by Thenot, an old shepherd, who to shew him his folly, relates a moral fable of an Oak and a Briar, but without curing the young shepherd's vanity. By Tityrus, mention'd in this Aeglogue, and elsewhere in the Author's works, is meant Geoffry Chaucer, in imitation of whose stile and manner this Aeglogue is written.

CUDDY, THENOT.

CUDDY.

Ah for pity! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never 'gin t'asswage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride:
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails
Peark as a peacock; but now it avails.

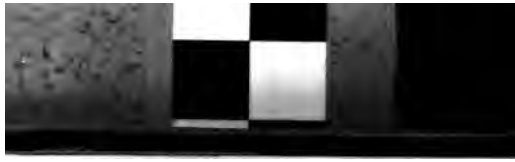
THE. Leudly complainest, thou lazy lad,
Of winter's wrack for making thee sad?
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he live till the lusty prime?
Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some *in much joy, many in* many tears,

Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took that ungently came;
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
Chearfully the winter's wrathful chear,
For age and winter accord full nigh,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So seemest thou like Good-Friday to frown;
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

THE. The sovereign of seas he blames in vi
That once sea-beat will to sea again:
So loytring live you little heard-grooms,
Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms;
And when the shining sun laugheth once,
You deemen the spring is come at once:
Tho gin you, fond Flies! the cold to scorn,
And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
You thinken to be lords of the year;
But eft when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
Drerily shooting his stormy dart,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart
Then is your careless courage accoyd,
Your careful herds with cold be annoyed.

Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
With weeping, and wailing, and misery.
CUD. Ah! foolish old Man! I scorn thy skill,
That wouldst me my springing youth to spill;
I deem thy brain emperished be
Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee;
Or siker thy head very totty is,
So on thy corb shoulder it leans amiss.
Now thy self hath lost both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop,
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline:
Tho wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lasses glove;
Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis' praise,
But Phillis is mine for many days;
I wone her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with bugle about the belt:
Such an one shepherds would make full fain;
Such an one would make thee young again.
THE. Thou art a fon, of thy love to bost;
All that is lent to love will be lost.
CUD. Seest how brag yond bullock bears,
So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears?
His horns been as brade as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lythe as lass of Kent:
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weenest of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
So lustless been they, so weak, so wan;



Cloathed with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blown blags,
Like wailful widdows hangen their crags;
The rather lambs been starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

THE. Cuddy, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly to advance thy headless hood;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penaunce,
And stoop gallant age, the host of grievaunce.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

CUD. To naught more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his devise;
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

THE. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chivalry,
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

"There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disaray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;

had been the king of the field,
chel must to the husband did yield,
h his mate lurded many swine,
the gray moss marred his rine,
d boughs were beaten with storms,
was bald, and wasted with worms,
our decay'd, his braunches bare.
by his side grew a bragging Breere,
roudly thrust into th' element,
med to threst the firmament:
mbellisht with blossoms fair,
rete aye wonted to repair
pherds' daughters to gather flowres,
t their garlands with his colowres,
his small bushes used to shroud
set nightingale singing so loud,
nade this foolish Breere wex so bold!
a time he cast him to scold,
:b the good Oak, for he was old.
stand'st there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
w fresh my flowres been spread,
lilly white and crimson red,
aves engrained in lusty green,
met to cloath a maiden queen?
iste bigness but cumbers the ground,
:ks the beauty of my blossoms round:
uldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
amon smell too much annoyeth:

. branches broke,
naked arms stretch unto the fire,
ch tyranny doth aspire,
g with his shade my lovely light,
bbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
his old boughs my tender side,
t the blood springeth from woundes wide;
ly my flowers forced to fall,
en the honour of your coronal;
he lets his canker-worms light
y branches, to work me more spight;
his hoary locks down doth cast,
th my fresh flowrets been defast:
and many more such outrage,
our goodlyhead to assuage
rous rigour of his might;
k I, but onely to hold my right,
me to your good sufferaunce,
ng to be [illegible] from

[illegible] to the field alone he speedeth,
[illegible] little help to harm there needeth)
[illegible] would let him speak to the tree,
[illegible] his rage mought cooled be,
[illegible] to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
[illegible] made many wounds in the waste o
[illegible] axe's edge did oft turn again,
[illegible] half unwilling to cut the grain,
[illegible] the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an antient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water d
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this miser
For nought mought they quitten him f
For fiercely the good man at him did la
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the ground he fell forthw
His wondrous weight made the groun
Th' earth shrunk under him, and see
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.
Now stands the Breere like a lord al
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasan
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,

And beat upon the solitary Breere,
For now no succour was seen him neere.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,
For scorning eld——"

CUD. Now I pray thee shepherd, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale and little worth.
So long have I listened to thy speech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech;
My heart-blood is well nigh frozn I feel,
And my galage grown fast to my heel;
But little ease of thy leud tale I tasted;
Hie thee home, Shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche é vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa iddio.

ıfully looks askaunce;
re little love awake,
sleepeth in Lethe lake,
him leaden our dauncs.
Willy, I ween thou be a sot,
Love still sleepeth not,
ıad at his game.
ow kenst thou that he is awake?
y self his slumber broke?
rivy to the same?
lo; but happily I him spide,
bush he did him hide,
gs of purple and blue;
not that my sheep would stray,
marks I would bewray,
by chaunce I him knew.
homalin, have no care for thy,
ill have a double eye,
y flock and thine;
at home I have a sire,
ıe eke, as hot as fire,
adays counts mine.
ay but thy seeing will not serve,
for that may chaunce to swerve,
nto some mischief:
is but the third morrow
ıunst to fall asleep with sorrow,
d again with grief;
thilk same unhappy owe,
uted leg her hurt doth shew.

Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed attones,
She should have need no more spell;
Th' elf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green,

WIL. Let be as may be that is past;
That is to come let be forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seen.

THO. It was upon a holy-day,
When shepherds grooms han leave to play
I cast to go a shooting;
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within the ivy tod,
(There shrouded was the little god)
I heard a busie bustling;
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thick,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose shape appeared not;
But were it fairy, fiend, or snake,
My courage earn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot:
With that sprang forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings like peacock's train,

And laughing lope to a tree;
His gilden quiver at his back,
And silver bow, which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me:
That seeing I level'd again,
And shot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho purny stones I hastily hent,
And threw, but nought availed:
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched:
Therewith afraid I ran away,
But he that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heel;
For then I little smart did feel,
But soon it sore increased;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.

WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddest fight,
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my father say
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net
Which he for carrion-crows had set

That in our pear-tree haunted!
Tho said he was a winged lad,
But bow and shafts as then none had,
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the welkin thicks apace,
And stooping Phœbus steeps his face;
It's time to haste us homeward.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

To be wise and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

Of honey and of gall in love there is store;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

The Argument.

THE design of this Aeglogue is to introduce a panegyrick, in the pastoral kind, on Queen Elizabeth: it begins with a complaint of Hobbinol (a shepherd mention'd in the first Aeglogue) for Colin's neglect of his friendship for the sake of Rosalind, with whom he was fallen in love; and from the mentioning of Colin's skill in poetry, Hobbinol takes occasion to recite one of his songs or poems on Eliza, queen of shepherds.

THENOT. HOBBINOL.

THE.

TELL me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
What! hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy bag-pipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
Or art thou of thy loved lass forlorn?
Or been thine eyes attempred to the year,
Quenching the gasping furrows thirst with rain?
Like April shower so stream the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirsty pain.

HOB. Nor this nor that so much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad whom long I lov'd so dearn
Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:
He, plung'd in vain, his tressed locks doth tear,
Shepherds delights he doth them all forswear;
His pleasant pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs wherein he all out-went.

THE. *What is he for* a lad you so lament?

Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?

HOB. Colin, thou kenst the southern shephe
boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whylom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.
But now from me his madding mind is start,
And wooes the widdow's daughter of the glenne
So now fair Rosalind hath bred his smart;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.

THE. But if his ditties be so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record some one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in sight,
And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

HOB. Contented I: then will I sing his lay
Of fair Eliza, queen of shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it unto the water's fall.

"Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brook
"Do bathe your brest,
"Forsake your watry bowers, and hither look
"At my request.
"And eke you Virgins that on Parnasse dwell
"Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
"Help me to blaze
"Her worthy praise,
"*Which* in her sex doth all excel.

"Of fair Eliza be your silver song,
"That blessed wight,
"The flower of virgins; may she flourish long
"In princely plight;
"For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot,
"Which Pan, the shepherds' god, of her begot:
"So sprung her grace
"Of heavenly race,
"No mortal blemish may her blot.

"See where she sits upon the grassy green,
"(O seemly sight!)
"Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden queen,
"And ermines white:
"Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
"With damask roses and daffadillies set;
"Bay-leaves between,
"And primroses green,
"Embellish the sweet violet.

"Tell me, have ye seen her angelike face,
"Like Phœbe fair?
"Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
"Can you well compare?
"The red rose medled with the white yfere,
"In either cheek depeinten lively chear;
"Her modest eye,
"Her majesty,
"Where have *you seen the* like but there?

I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,
Upon her to gaze;
But when he saw how broad her beames
It did him amaze.
He blusht to see another sun below,
Ne durst again his fiery face out-show.
Let him if he dare,
His brightness compare
With her's, to have the overthrow.

Shew thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
And be not abasht:
When she the beames of her beauty displays,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with Latona's seed;
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.
Now she is a stone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a bellibone,
And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot
To bear such an one.
Soon as my younglings crying for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:
She is my goddess plain,
And I her shepherd's swain,
Albe forswonk and forswat I am.

" I see Calliope speed her to the place
" Where my goddess shines,
" And after her the other Muses trace
" With their violines.
" Been they not bay-branches which they do bear,
" All for Eliza in her hand to wear?
" So sweetly they play,
" And sing all the way,
" That it a heaven is to hear.

" Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
" To the instrument:
" They dauncen deffly, and singen soote
" In their merriment.
" Wants not a fourth Grace to make the dance even?
" Let that room to my Lady be yeven.
" She shall be a Grace
" To fill the fourth place.
" And reign with the rest in heaven.

" And whither renns this bevy of ladies bright,
" Ranged in a row?
" They, been all Ladies of the Lake behight
" That unto her go.
" Cloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
" Of olive branches bears a coronall:
" Olives been for peace,
" When wars do surcease:
" Such for a *princess been* principal.

" Ye shepherds' daughters that dwell on the green,
" Hye you there apace:
" Let none come there but that virgins been,
" To adorn her grace:
" And when you come, whereas she is in place,
" See that your rudeness do not you disgrace:
" Bind your fillets fast,
" And gird in your waste,
" For more fineness, with a taudry lace.

" Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine,
" With gylliflowers;
" Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
" Worn of paramours:
" Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies,
" And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies:
" The pretty pawnce
" And the chevisaunce
" Shall match with the fair flowre-delice.

" Now rise up, Eliza, decked as thou art
" In royal ray;
" And now ye dainty damsels may depart
" Each one his way.
" I fear I have troubled your troops too long,
" Let Dame Eliza thank you for her song.
" And if you come heather
" When damsins I geather,
" *I will* part them all you among."

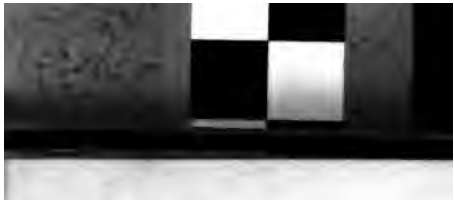
THE. And was thilk same song of Colin's own making?
Ah! foolish Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pity is he be in such taking,
For nought caren that been so leudly bent.
HOB. Siker I hold him for a greater fon
That love's the thing he cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling stars the daylight hence chase.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem virgo!

HOBBINOL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe!



MAY.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

The Argument.

PALINODE, inviting Piers to join with the youths and shepha and the pleasures of the season, and in celebrating the festi reprov'd by him, and told that a life of vanity and luxury, whil are neglected, does not become good shepherds. Piers descr toral life, at first simple and frugal, without wealth, yet fr and from vice, but corrupted afterwards by licentiousness, an bition of power and command, which expos'd both the shepha flocks to be destroy'd by the wolves. And, to shew how d to have any communication with bad company, he relates a Kid and her Dam.

This Aeglogue is purely allegorical, and seems to be design lesson on the life of Christians, and particularly of the clergy difference between those of the Reform'd and those of the Ro sion; as appears further by a passage in the seventh Aeglog Palinode is again mentioned as giving an account of the lord shepherds at Rome.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE.

Is not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?
How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blonket leveries been all too sad
For thilk same season, when all is yclad
With pleasance; the ground with grass, th
With greenleaves, the bushes with bloosom

Youth's folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets and smelling breere,
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk-pillers e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds and sweet eglantine,
And girdlonds of roses, and sops in wine.
Such merry-make holy saints doth queam,
But we here sitten as drown'd in a dream.

PIERS. For yonkers, Palinode, such follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

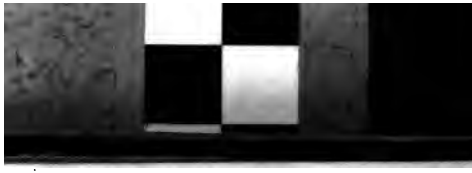
PAL. Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of shepherds out-go,
With singing and shouting, and jolly chear;
Before them yode a lusty tabrere,
That to the many a horn-pipe plaid,
Whereto they daunced each one with his maid.
To see these folks make such jouisaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce:
Tho to the green wood thy speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musical;
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as a king; and his queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their May-bush bear!)
Ah! Piers, been not thy teeth on edge, to think
How great sport thy ginen with little swink?

PIERS. Perdy, so far am I from envy,
That their fondness inly I pity:

se faitours little regarden their charge,
le they, letting their sheep run at large,
en their time, that should be sparely spent,
ustihed and wanton meriment.
lk same been shepherds for the devel's sted
at playen while their flocks be unfed:
ll it is seen their sheep be not their own,
at letten them run at random alone;
t they been hired for little pay,
other that caren as little as they
hat fallen the flock, so they han the flee
nd get all the gain, paying but a piece.
muse what account both these will mak
he one for the hire which he doth take,
nd th' other for leaving his Lord's ta
hen great Pan accounted of shepher

PAL. Siker now I see thou speakest
ll for thou lackest some dele their d
(as I am) had rather be envied,
ll were it of my foe, that fonly p
nd yet, if need were, pitied woul
ather then other should scorn at
or pitied is mishap that has rem
ut scorned been deeds of fond
what shoulden shepherds other
han sith their God his good
eapen the fruit thereof, that
he while they here liven at e
or when they been dead th
ey sleepen in rest, well

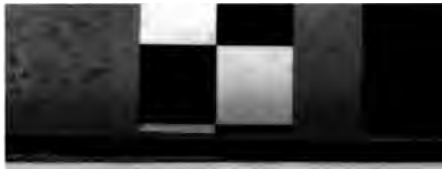
with them wends what they spent in cost,
what they left behind them is lost.
od is no good but if it be spend;
d giveth good for none other end.
PIERS. Ah! Palinode, thou art a world's child:
ho touches pitch, mote needs be defil'd,
ut shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
Tought not live like as men of the lay.
With them it fits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair:
They must provide for means of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance:
But shepherd must walk another way,
Sike worldly sovenance he must for-say.
The son of his loins why should he regard,
To leave enriched with that he hath spar'd?
Should not thilk God that gave him that good
Eke cherish his child, if in his ways he stood?
For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little boots all the wealth and the trust
That his father left by inheritance;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernance:
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong chevisance,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them overflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better then to the ape's foolish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none



That with her hard hold and straight embracing,
She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, whenas good is ment,
Evil ensueth of wrong intent.

The time was once, and may again retorn,
(For ought may happen that hath been beforn)
When shepherds had none inheritance,
Ne of land nor fee in sufferance,
But what might arise of the bare sheep,
(Were it more or less) which they did keep,
Well I wis was it with shepherds tho,
Nought having nought feared they to forgo,
For Pan himself was their inheritance,
And little them served for their maintenance.
The shepherd's God so well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided;
Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
And their flocks' fleeces them to array,
But tract of time, and long prosperity,
(That nource of vice, this of insolency)
Lulled the shepherds in such security,
That not content with loyal obeysance,
Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
And match themselves with mighty potentates,
Lovers of lordships, and troublers of states,
Tho 'gan shepherds swains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to lig soft:
Tho under colour of shepherds, some-while
There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,

ften devoured their own sheep,
ften shepherd that did 'em keep:
ras the first sourse of shepherds sorrow,
now nill he quit with bale nor borrow.
Three things to bear been very burdenous,
e fourth to forbear is outrageous:
n that of love's longing once lust,
r forbearen, but have it they must:
en cholar is enflamed with rage,
ng revenge is hard to assuage:
who can counsel a thirsty soul,
atience to forbear the offer'd boul?
all burdens that a man can bear,
is a fool's talk to bear and to hear.
the giant has not such a weight,
ears on his shoulders the heavens height.
findest fault where nys to be found,
uildest strong wark upon a weak ground:
railest on right without reason,
lamest 'em much for small encheason.
volden shepherds live if not so?
should they pinen in pain and woe?
ay I thereto, by my dear borrow,
ay rest, I nill live in sorrow,
ow ne need to be hastened on,
will come without calling anon.
times enduren of tranquillity,
ve freely our felicity;
ien approachen the stormy stowers, [showres;
ought with our shoulders bear off the sharp



And sooth to sain, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepherds so twiten each other's life,
And layen their faults the worlds before,
The while their foes done each of hem scorn.
Let non mislike of that may not be amended;
So conteck soon by concord nought be ended.

PIERS. Shepherd, I list no accordance make
With a shepherd, that does the right way fors
And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had leaver my foe then my friend he be;
For what concord han light and dark sam?
Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
Such faitours, when their false hearts been hid,
Will do as did the fox by the kid.

PAL. Now, Piers, of fellowship tell us that sa
For the lad can keep both our flocks from stra

PIERS. "Thilk same Kid (as I can well d
Was too very foolish and unwise;
For on a time, in sommer season,
The Goat her dam, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouze, or play, or what she thought goo
But, for she had a motherly care
Of her young son, and wit to beware,
She set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and lovely to see,
And full of favour as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed horns 'gan newly sprout;

[redacted]

ssoms of lust to bud did begin,
ung forth rankly under his chin.
lon, (quoth she) and with that 'gan weep.
eful thoughts in her heart did creep)
less thee, poor Orphan! as he mought me
send thee joy of thy jollity.
father, (that word she spake with pain,
gh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
father, had he lived this day,
e the branches of his body display,
would he have joyed at this sweet sight?
h! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
cut off his days with untimely woe,
ying him unto the trains of his foe.
I, a wailful widow behight,
y old age have this one delight,
e thee succeed in thy father's stead,
lourish in flowers of lustihead;
ven so thy father his head upheld,
so his haughty horns did he weld."
marking him with melting eyes,
ng throb from her heart did arise,
errupted all her other speech,
me old sorrow that made a new breach:
she saw in her youngling's face
lineaments of his father's grace.
her sullen silence she broke,
n his new-budded beard to stroke.
y, (quoth she) thou kenst the great care
of thy health and thy welfare,

Which many wild beasts liggen in wait
For to entrap in thy tender state;
But most the Fox, maister of collusion,
" For he has vowed thy last confusion.
" For thy, my Kiddy, be ruled by me,
" And never give trust to his treacheree;
" And if he chance come when I am abroad,
" Spar the yate fast, for fear of fraud;
" Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
" Open the door at his request."
So schooled the goat her wanton son,
That answer'd his mother, All should be do
Tho went the pensive dame out of door,
And chaunc'd to stumble at the threshold,
Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such as signs of ill luck been disprais
Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast,
And Kiddy the door sparred after her fas
It was not long after she was gone,
But the false Fox came to the door anon
Not as a fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truss of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glasses, in b
A biggen he had got about his brain;
For in his head-piece he felt a sore pai
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clou
For with great cold he had got the g
There at the door he cast me down
And laid him down, and groaned.

Lord! and sweet Saint Charity,
ıe good body would once pity the.
eard Kiddy all this sore constraint,
'd to know the cause of his complaint;
ing close behind the wicket's clink,
peeped out through a chink,
o privily but the Fox him spied,
ful meaning is double-eyed.
good young Maister (then 'gan he cry)
less that sweet face I espy,
ep your corps from the carefull stounds
ı my carrion cascass abounds."
id pitying his heaviness,
: cause of his great distress,
who, and whence that he were?
, that had well ycond his lear,
lled his talk with many a tear:
ck, alas! a little lack of dead,
e relieved by your beastly-head.
poor sheep, albe my colour dun,
h longer travel I am brent in the sun;
hat my grandsire me said to be true,
am very sybbe to you,
ur goodlihead do not disdain
ıe kindred of so simple swain.
y and favour then I you pray,
ur aid to forestall my near decay."
t of his pack a glass he took,
while Kiddy unwares did look,

He was so enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed dear for the jewel;
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The false Fox, as he were stark lame;
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Lest he should be descryed by his train.
Being within, the Kid made him good
All for the love of the glass he did see.
After his chear, the pedlar 'gan chat,
And tell many leasings of this and that,
And how he could shew many a fine kn
Tho shewed his ware and opened his pa
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kid to find;
Which when he stooped down to catch
He popt him in, and his basket did la
Ne stayed he once the door to make f
But ran away with him in all haste.
Home when the doubtful dame hac
She mought see the door stand open
All aghast loudly she 'gan to call
Her Kid, but he nould answer at all
Tho on the floor she saw the merch
Of which her son had set too dear a
What help! her Kid she knew we
She weeped, and wailed, and made
Such end had the Kid, for he noul
Of craft coloured with simplicity,
And such end, perdy, does all h
That of such falsers' friendship

Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
ro the mark, weening it to hit.
ay thee, let me thy tale borrow
r John, to say to-morrow
k when it is holiday,
ie means, but little can say.
foxes been so crafty as so,
leth all shepherds hem to know.
Of their falsehood more could I recount,
ie bright sun 'ginneth to dismount;
be dewy night now draw'th nigh,
est for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Pas men apistos apistei.

PIERS'S EMBLEM.

Tis d' ara pistis apsito.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

The Argument.

HOBBINOL, from a description of the pleasures of the place, excites Colin to the enjoyment of them. Colin declares himself incapable of delight, by reason of his ill success in love, and his loss of Rosalind, who had treacherously forsaken him for Menalcas, another shepherd. By Tityrus (mentioned before in the Second Aeglogue, and again in the Twelfth) is plainly meant Chaucer, whom the Author sometimes professed to imitate. In the person of Colin, as before, is represented the Author himself; and Hobbinol's inviting him to leave the hilly country, seems to allude to his leaving the North, where, as is mentioned in his Life, he had for some time resided.

HOBBINOL. COLIN.

HOBBINOL.

Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant sight
From other shades hath ween'd my wandring mind,
Tell me what wants me here to work delight?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind
To th' water's fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O! happy Hobbinol, I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ytost;
Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast:
But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
Can no where find to shroud my luckless pate.

n if by me thou list advised be,
ail that so doth thee bewitch;
se hills where harbrough nis to see,
sh, nor brere, nor winding ditch,
les resort, where shepherds rich,
flocks, been every where to see:
-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
oots, nor ghastly owls do flee,

'airies, met with many Graces,
Nymphs, can chace the lingring Night
ies and trimly trodden traces,
Nine, which dwell on Parnass' hight,
musick for their mere delight;
self to kiss their chrystal faces
daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
pleasures have we in these places.

I, whilst youth and course of careless
lk withouten links of love, [years
its did joy amongst my peers,
such pleasures doth reprove;
from former follies move
s; for time in passing wears
doen, which wexen old above)
iew delights with hoary hairs.

ng of love, and tune my pipe
tive pleas in verses made;
seek for queen-apples unripe;
Rosalind, and in sommer shade

Dight gaudy girlonds was my common trade,
To crown her golden locks; but years more ripe,
And loss of her, whose love as life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

HOB. Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,
I more delight then lark in summer days,
Whose eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower spring
Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,
Frame to thy song their cheerfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw Calliope with Muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,
Their ivory lutes and tamburins forgo,
And from the fountain where they sate around
Ren after hastily thy silver sound;
But when they came where thou thy skill disdt show,
They drew aback, as half with shame confound
Shepherd to see them in their art out-go.

COL. Of Muses, Hobbinol, I con no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorn of homely shepherd's quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never list presume to Parnass' hill,
But piping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, albeit ill.

ought weigh I who my song doth praise or blame,
strive to win renown, or pass the rest:
'ith shepherd fits not follow flying Fame,
ut feed his flock in fields where falls him best.
wote my rimes been rough, and rudely drest;
he fitter they my careful case to frame:
nough is me to paint out my unrest,
nd pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

'he god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Vho taught me homely as I can to make;
ie, whilst he lived, was the sovereign head
f shepherds all that been with love ytake:
Vell couth he wail his woes, and lightly slake
'he flames which love within his heart had bred,
nd tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
'he while our sheep about us safely fed.

low dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
O why should Death on him such outrage show!)
nd all his passing skill with him is fled,
'he fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
ut if on me some little drops would flow
f that the spring was in his learned hed,
soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,
nd teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

hen should my plaints, caus'd of discourtesee,
s *messengers of this my* painful plight,

/er that she be,
/ith point of worthy wight,
: wrought so deadly spight.
s! that by treachery
y lass to wax so light,
nown for such thy villany.

t as I wish I were,
rds! which your flocks do feed,
, or dales, or other where,
of this so wicked deed,
, whose flowre is woxe a weed,
ith is turn'd to faithless fear,
est shepherd's heart made bleed
rth, and loved her most dear.

eful Colin, I lament thy case,
make the hardest flint to flow!
osalind, and void of grace,
t of all this rueful woe!
, I guess, homeward to go:
:ssed Flocks! and home apace,
stealing steps do you foreslo,
nder lambs that by you trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia speme spenta.

JULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

The Argument.

RREL, a goat-herd, calls to Thomalin, a shepherd, to come up to him n the hilly ground where he is sitting. Thomalin gives his reasons why he prefers the lower station. The moral of this Aeglogue is to reprove ambition in shepherds, and seems more particularly level'd against the pomp and dominion of the Romish clergy.

THOMALIN. MORREL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilk same a goat-herd proud,
That sits on yonder bank.
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Emong the bushes rank?
MOR. What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.
THOM. Ah! God shield, Man, that I should clime,
And learn to look aloft;
This read is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his miss not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared up
[illegible] fiery footed teme,

Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diademe;
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noysom breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in haste,
Pine, plagues, and dreary death.
Against his cruel scorching heat,
Where thou hast coverture,
The wasteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture:
But if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherd's swain,
Come down and learn the little what
That Thomalin can sain.

MOR. Siker thous but a lasy loord,
And rekes much of thy swink,
That with fond terms and witless words
To blear mine eyes dost think.
In evil hour thou henst in hond
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the western coast?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses' skill
Fain most-what, that they dwell
(As goat-herds wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.

And wonned not the great good Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flock of Dan,
Which did himself beget?
THOM. O blessed Sheep! O Shepherd great!
That bought his flock so dear,
And them did save with bloody sweat
From wolves that would them tear.
MOR. Beside, as holy Fathers sain,
There is a holy place
Where Titan riseth from the main
To ren his daily race,
Upon whose tops the stars been staied,
And all the sky doth lean,
There is the cave where Phœbe laied
The shepherd long to dream.
Whilom there used shepherds all
To feed their flocks at will
Till by his folly one did fall,
That all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepherds been foresaid
From places of delight,
For-thy I ween thou be afraid
To clime this hilles hight.
Of Synah can I tell thee more,
And of our Lady's Bow'r;
But little needs to strow my store,
Suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
And Sylvanes haunten rathe;

Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
Wherein the Nymphs do bathe;
The salt Medway, that trickling streams
Adown the dales of Kent,
Till with his elder brother Thames
His brakish waves be meynt.
Here grows melampode every where,
And teribinth, good for goats,
The one my madding kids to smear,
The next to heal their throats.
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,
And thence the passage eath,
As well can prove the piercing levin,
That seldom falls beneath.

THOM. Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorel,
Of heaven to deemen so;
How be I am but rude and borrel,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the nar, to God more far,
Has been an old said saw;
And he that strives to touch a star,
Oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoon may shepherds clime to sky
That leads in lowly dales,
As goat-herd proud, that sittin high,
Upon the mountain sails.
My seely sheep like well below,
They need not melampode,
For they being hale enough, I trow,
And liken their abode;

But if they with thy goats should yede,
They soon might be corrupted,
Or like not of the frowy fede,
Or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy saints,
I reverence and adore,
Not for themself, but for the saints
Which had been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
Their good is with them go;
Their sample only to us lent,
That als we mought do so.
Shepherds they weren of the best,
And lived in lowly leas,
And sith their souls be now at rest,
Why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sain)
That whilom was the first shepherd,
And liv'd with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
Simple as simple sheep;
Humble, and like in each degree
The flock which he did keep.
Often he used of his keep
A sacrifice to bring,
Now with a kid, now with a sheep
The alters hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,

That never sithence was abhor'd
The simple shepherd's kind.
And such I weend the brethren were
That came from Canaan,
The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere
The flocks of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilk shepherd was
Whom Ida hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a lass,
Whose love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(No such mought shepherds be)
And with leud lust was over-laid;
Tway things doen ill agree.
But shepherds mought be meek and mild,
Well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follies undefil'd,
And stout as steed of brass.
Sike one (said Algrind) Moses was,
That saw his Maker's face,
His face, more clear than crystal glass,
And spake to him in place.
This had a brother (hie name I know)
The first of all his coat,
A shepherd true, yet not so true
As he that earst I hote.
Whilom all these were low and leef,
And lov'd their flocks to feed,
They never stroven to be chief,
And simple was their weed:

w (thanked be God therefore)
orld is well amend,
weeds been not so nighly wore,
mples mought them shend.
een yclad in purple and pall,
i their God them blist,
eign and rulen over all,
rd it as they list.
vith belts of glitter and gold,
ht they good shepherds been)
Pan their sheep to them has sold,
s some have seen.
linode (if thou him ken)
ate on pilgrimage
me (if such be Rome) and then
r thilk misusage;
pherds (said he) there doen lead,
ds done otherwhere;
sheep han crusts, and they the bread;
ips, and they the chear:
an the fleece, and eke the flesh,
ly sheep the while!)
orn is theirs let others thresh,
hands they may not file.
an great store and thrifty flocks,
friends and feeble foes,
need hem caren for their flocks,
boys can look to those.
wizards welter in wealth's waves,
r'd *in pleasures deep*;

They han fat kerns and leany knaves,
Their fasting flocks to keep.
Sike mister men been all misgone,
They heapen hills of wrath;
Sike sirly shepherds han we none,
They keepen all the path.
MOR. Here is a great deal of good matter
Lost for lack of telling;
Now siker I see thou dost but clatter,
Harm may come of melling.
Thou meddlest more than shall have thank
To witen shepherd's wealth;
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
't is a sign of health.
But say me, what is Algrind, he
That is so oft bynempt?
THOM. He is a shepherd great in gree,
But hath been long ypent;
One day he sate upon a hill,
As now thou wouldest me,
But I am taught by Algrind's ill
To love the low degree)
For sitting so with bared scalp,
An eagle soared high,
That weening his white head was chalk,
A shell-fish down let fly:
He ween'd the shell-fish to have broke,
But therewith bruis'd his brain;
So now astonied with the stroke,
He lies in lingering pain.

HEPHERD'S CALENDAR. JULY. 55
h! good Algrind! his hap was ill, 230
be better in time.
wel, Shepherd, sith this hill 232
t such doubt to clime.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORREL'S EMBLEM.

In summo felicitas.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

The Argument.

TWO shepherds, Perigot and Willy, contend for a prize in verse. Perigot relates, in a song, the manner of his falling in love; Willy bears his part, in a kind of repartee or under-song. Cuddy, who was judge between them, having prais'd them both, repeats a kind of roundelay, of despair, made by Colin on Rosalind; in which the reader may observe that, instead of rhyme, the art of the verse consists in the regular changes on the six words which are at the close of the first six lines.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

WILLY.

TELL me, Perigot, what shall be the game
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy musick match?
Or been thy bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ach?
PER. Ah! Willy, when the heart is ill assay'd,
How can bagpipe or joints be well apay'd?
WIL. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whylom thou wast peregal to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepherds glad,
With piping and dancing didst pass the rest.
PER. Ah! Willy, now I have learn'd a new dance;
My old musick marr'd by a new mischance.
WIL. Mischief mought to that mischance befall,
That so hath raft us of our merriment;
But read me what pain doth thee so appall?
Or lovest thou, or been thy yonglings miswent?
PER. *Love* hath misled both my yonglings and me;
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to see.

WIL. Perdy, and weal away! ill may they thrive;
Never knew I lovers' sheep in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

PER. That shall I do though mouchel worse I far'd:
Never shall be said that Perigot was dar'd.

WIL. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple ware,
Wherein is enchaced many a fair sight
Of bears and tygers, that maken fierce war,
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrail'd with a wanton ivy twine.

Thereby is a lamb in the wolve's jaws;
But see how fast renneth the shepherd's swain
To save the innocent from the beast's paws,
And here with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
Tell me such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well mought it beseem any harvest queen.

PER. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
Of all my flock there nis sike another,
For I brought him up without the damb,
But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the plaine field;
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WIL. Siker make like account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

PER. That shall yonder herd-groom and none other,
*Which over the pousse hit*herward doth post.

PER. Yet should thilk lass not from my thought,
WIL. So you may buy gold too dear.
PER. But whether in painful love I pine,
WILL. Hey, ho, pinching pain!
PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,
WIL. But if thou can her obtain.
PER. And if for graceless grief I die,
WIL. Hey, ho, graceless grief!
PER. Witness she slew me with her eye,
WIL. Let thy folly be the prief.
PER. And you that saw it, simple sheep,
WIL. Hey, ho, the fair flock!
PER. For prief thereof my death shall weep,
WIL. And mone with many a mock.
PER. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
WIL. Hey, ho, holy-day!
PER. That ever since my heart did grieve,
WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."
CUD. Siker sike a roundle never heard I none;
Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
And Willy is not greatly over-gone,
So weren his under-songs well addrest.
WIL. Herd-groom, I fear me thou have a squint eye;
Areed uprightly who has the victory.
CUD. Faith of my soul I deem each have gained;
For thy let the lamb be Willy his own;
And for Perigot, so well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doom,
Ne can Willy wite the witless herd-groom.

WIL. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,
The shepherd of Ida that judg'd beauty's queen.
CUD. But tell me, Shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful verse
Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)
That Colin made? ylke can I you rehearse.
PER. Now say it, Cuddy, as thou art a lad;
With merry thing it's good to meddle sad.
WIL. Faith of my soul thou shalt ycrowned be
In Colin's steed if thou this song areed;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
CUD. Then listen each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as ye may.

"Ye wastfull Woods! bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound;
Ye careless Birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part;
Thou, pleasant Spring, hast lull'd me oft asleep,
Whose streams my trickling tears did oft augment.

Resort of people doth my grief augment,
The walled towns do work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow eccho of my careful cryes;
I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
Whose wailful want debars mine eyes of sleep.

t streams of tears supply the place of sleep;
et all that sweet is void, and all that may augment
My dole draw near. More meet to wail my woe
Been the wild woods, my sorrows to resound,
Than bed nor bower, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waste, and find no part

Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastful grove therefore, till my last sleep
Do close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
With sight of such as change my restless wo
Help me, ye baneful Birds! whose shrieking
Is sign of dreery death, my deadly cryes

Most ruthfully to tune; and as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray lea
You hear all night, when Nature crav
Increase, so let your yrksome yelles a
Thus all the night in plaints, the da
I vowed have to waste, till safe an

She home return, whose voice's
To chearful songs can change
Hence with the nightingale wi
That blessed bird, that spen
In songs and plaintive pleas,
memory of his misde

nat feel no woe, when as the sound
y nightly cryes ye hear apart,
rour sounder sleep, and pity augment."

Colin, Colin! the shepherd's joy,
iire each turning of the verse;
', fresh Cuddy, the liefest boy,
illy his dole thou didst rehearse!
hen blow your pipes, Shepherds, till you
: home;
hieth fast, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT'S EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLY'S EMBLEM.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Felice chi puo.

SEPTEMBER.

ÆGLOGA NONA.

The Argument.

GGON DAVIE, a shepherd, complains to his friend Hobbinol of the poverty to which he was reduced by travelling into a far country in hopes of greater gain, and describes the deceitful and profligate lives of the shepherds he had seen, and the wretched condition of their flocks. This Aeglogue is full of allegorical satire, like the Fifth and Seventh. The Author has chosen to write it in older language than the rest, and with a sprinkling of the Welch dialect. It is probable he had some private reason for it, and that under the fictitious names were represented real persons.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bid her good-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

DIG. Her was her while it was day-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly past,
And now at last the dirk night doth haste.

HOB. Diggon, areed who has thee so dig
Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock thou wast wont to
Or been they chaffred, or at mischief dead

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee m
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old g
Sike question rippeth up cause of new
For one open'd, mote unfold many mo

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shroude
I know to keep is a burdenous smart
Each thing imparted is more eath to

the rain is fallen the clouds waxen clear.
ow sithence I saw thy head last,
three moons been fully spent and past;
when thou hast measured much ground,
randred weel about the world round,
hou can many things relate;
l me first of thy flock's estate.
. My sheep been wasted (woe is me therefore!)
lly shepherd that was of yore
nor jolly nor shepherd more.
ign coasts men said was plenty;
there is, but all of misery:
t there much to have eeked my store,
ch eeking hath made my heart sore.
countries where I have been,
ng for those that truly mean,
r such as of guile maken gain,
ch country as there to remain;
setten to sale their shops of shame,
naken a market of their good name:
hepherds there robben one another,
ayen baits to beguile her brother;
y will buy his sheep out of the coat,
y will carven the shepherd's throat.
hepherd's swain you cannot well ken,
be by his pride, from other men;
looken big as bulls that been bate,
earen the crag so stiff and so state,
ck on his dunghill crowing crank.
. *Diggon, I am so* stiff and so stank,

That uneath may I stand any more;
And now the western wind bloweth sore,
That now is in his chief sovereignty,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree;
Sit we down here under the hill,
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the blustering blast.
Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.

DIG. Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stound
That ever I cast to have lorn this ground:
Wele-away the while I was so fond
To leave the good that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth;
So lost the dog the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheep (ah! seely sheep!)
That hereby I whylom us'd to keep,
All were they lusty as thou diddest see,
Been all starved with pine and penury;
Hardly my self escaped thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.

HOB. Ah! fon, now by thy loss art taught
That seldom change the better brought:
Content who lives with tried state,
Need fear no change of frowning Fate;
But who will seek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loss, and leaves with pain.

DIG. I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewi
With vain desire and hope to be enricht:
But siker so it is, as the bright star
Seemeth a greater when it is far:

I thought the soil would have made me rich,
But now I wote it is nothing sich;
For either the shepherds been idle and still,
And led off their sheep what way they will,
Or they been false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wrong emprise:
But more been fraught with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodness taken delight,
But kindle coals of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire;
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They say they con to heaven the high-way,
But by my soul I dare undersay
They never set foot in that same trode,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devil at commaund,
But ask hem therefore what they han paund:
Marry that great Pan bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black bower of sorrow.
But they han sold thilk same long ago,
For they would draw with hem many mo.
But let him gang alone a God's name;
As they han brewed, so let them bear blame.

HOB. Diggon, I pray thee speak not so dirk;
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirk.

DIG. Then plainly to speak of shepherds most what,
Bad is the best (this English is flat)

r ill haviour gars men missay
of their doctrine and their fay.
y say the world is much war than it wont,
for her shepherds is beastly and blont.
her sain, but how truly I note,
ll for they holden shame of their cote:
orne stick not to say (hot cole on her tongue)
That sike mischief graseth hem emong,
All for they casten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame and enrich her heir:
For such encheason, if you go nie,
Few chimneys reeken you shall espie.
The fat oxe that woont lig in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylik as a monster of many heads:
But they that shooten nearest the prick,
Sain other the fat from their beards do lick:
For big bulls of Basan brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more stout;
But the lean souls treaden under foot,
And to seek redress mought little boot;
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to restore:
For they been like foul wagmoires overgrast,
That if any galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou dost swink,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
Yet better leave off with a little loss,
Than by much wrestling to leese the gross

w, Diggon, I see thou speakest too plain;
re a little to fain,
y cover that cannot be cured;
is forced mought needs be endured.
pastors how done the flocks creep?
se as the shepherds, sike been her sheep,
ill listen to the shepherd's voice;
all hem, at their good choice
ler at will and stay at pleasure,
ir folds yead at their own leasure.
ad be better come at their call;
am unto mischief fall,
ravenous wolves yrent,
y mould be buxome and bent.
ie on thee, Diggon, and all thy foul
ing;
own that sith the Saxon king
wolf seen, many nor some,
Kent, nor in Christendom;
er wolves (the sooth to sain)
een the foxes that here remain.
s, but they gang in more secret wise,
sheeps clothing doen hem disguise.
not widely as they were woont,
raungers and the great hoont,
prolling to and fro,
ney mought be isly know.
r privy or pert if any bin,
reat bandogs will tear their skin,

DIG. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs him needeth to chase,
But heedy shepherds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what my self know
Chaunced to Roffin not long ygoe?

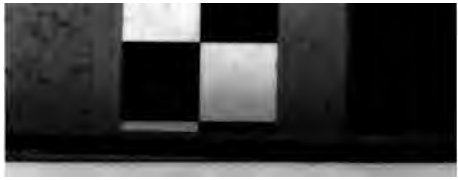
HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylom my joy)
Shepherds sich God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

DIG. Thilk same shepherd mought I well mark,
He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf stur.
Whilom there wonned a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Clad in clothing of seely sheep,
When the good old man used to sleep;
So at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learned a cur's call)

As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his sleep,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This wolvish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell wast,
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the shepherd his practise spied,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Fast in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the woolf in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the sheep's blood at his throte.

HOB. Marry, Diggon, what should him affray
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his weasand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.

DIG. Mischief light on him, and God's great curse,
Too good for him had been a great deal wurse;
For it was perillous beast above all,
And eke had he con'd the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the old man's self had been:
'og his maister's voice did it ween,



Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out as he wist worst of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught,
And had not Roffy ran to the steven,
Lowder had been slain thilk same even.
HOB. God shield, Man, he should so ill have thriv
All for he did his devoir believe.
If sike been wolves, as thou hast told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?
DIG. How but with heed and watchfullness,
Forstallen hem of their wiliness:
For-thy with shepherds fits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From suddain force their flocks for to gard.
HOB. Ah! Diggon, thilk same rule were t
straight,
All the cold season to watch and wait:
We been of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such misery?
What-ever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay when it is at best.
DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinol, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
What shall I do? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and loss to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinol, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.

HOB. Now by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;
Netheless thou seest my lowly sail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avail:
But were Hobbinol as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease:
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort;
There maist thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune shew forth his head.
DIG. Ah! Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few such friends did ever lite.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

The Argument.

THE following Aeglogue, which rises above the common style of pastoral, i on the subject of poetry. Piers commends Cuddy for his skill in this art Cuddy complains of the little encouragement given to it; and being promp ted by Piers to leave the ordinary themes of shepherds, and to choose som subject of heroick song, takes occasion to mention Colin, as best qualify' for such an attempt, if his mind were not perplex'd with unprosperou love.

PIERS. CUDDY.

PIERS.

CUDDY, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,
And let us cast with what delight to chace
And weary this long lingring Phœbus' race.
Whylom thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding base,
Now they in thee, and thou in sleep, art dead.

CUD. Piers, I have piped earst so long with pain
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
And my poor Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.
Such pleasance makes the grashopper so poor,
And lig so laid, when winter doth her strain.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much, what I the bet for-thy?
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise?

PIERS. Cuddy, the praise is better than the price,
e glory eke much greater than the gain:
, what an honour is it to restrain
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
Or prick them forth with pleasance of thy vein,
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice?

Soon as thou 'gins to set thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou doost their soul of sense bereave,
All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave;
His musick's might the hellish hound did tame.

CUD. So praysen babes the peacock's spotted train,
And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky;
Sike words been wind, and wasten soon in vain.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clown,
Lift up thy self out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
Turn thee to those that weld the aweful crown,
To doubted knights, whose woundless armour rusts,
And helms unbruzed wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch her self at large from east to west;

ither thou list in fair Eliza rest,
if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
dvance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the White Bear to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol loud, and lead the Millers round,
All were Eliza one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven sound.

CUD. Indeed the Romish Tityrus I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eft did sing of wars and deadly dreed,
So as, the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ygo is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever who in derring-do were dread,
The lofty verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue 'gan for age to stoup,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of
The vaunting poets found nought wort
To put in preace among the learned tr

an the streames of flowing wits to cease,
sunbright honour pen'd in shameful coup.

And if that any budds of poesy,
Yet of the old stock, 'gan to shoot again,
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with rest in rimes of ribauldry,
Or as it sprung it wither must again,
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

PIERS. O peerless Poesie! where is then thy place i
If not in princes' palace thou dost sit,
(And yet is princes' palace the most fit)
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven apa

CUD. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and war
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced pineons been not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as soot as sw

PIERS. Ah! fon, for love does teach him
And lifts him up out of the loathsom mire;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire,
Would raise one's mind above the starry
And cause a caitive courage to aspire,
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever casts to compass weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of th
Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of mea
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise,
And when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rime should ra
O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could rear the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my courage cools ere it be warm,
For-thy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tides han us assaid;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charm. [
PIERS. And when my goats shall han their be
Cuddy shall have a kid to store his farm.

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

The Argument.

COLIN being desired by Thenot to sing, excuses himself by his concern for the death of Dido, the daughter of a shepherd of note, and probably a friend of the Author, whose memory, at Thenot's farther request, he celebrates in a funeral elegy.

THENOT. COLIN.

THENOT.

COLIN, my Dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some jouisance?
Thy Muse too long slumbereth in sorrowing,
Lulled asleep through Love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance
Emong the shepherds' swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

COL. Thenot, now nis the time of merry-make,
Nor Pan to herie, nor with Love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
But now sad winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Ystablisht hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his inn in Fishes Hask,
Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth sike delights as thou doost praise:
The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
As she was wont in youngth and summer-days;
But if thou algate lust light virelays,
And looser songs of love to underfong,

eserves sike poet's praise?
pes that sleepen long,
ngale is sovereign of song,
tit mouse silent be,
rust in skilful throngs:
ke judge of my foolery:
of hem that learned be,
atred at the Muses' well;
drops from the higher tree,
ttle plants that lowly dwell:
er's wrath, and season chill,
th thy Muse's merriment,
es thou maist attune thy quill,
sorrow and death's dreriment;
Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
eat shepherd his daughter sheen;
May she was that ever went,
has not left behind I ween:
u wilt bewail my woeful teen,
give yond cosset for thy pain;
y rimes as round and rueful been
that did thy Rosalind complain,
eater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain
d or cosset, which I thee benempt:
P, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
my small demand be so contempt,
. Thenot, to that I chose thou dost me tempt,
! too well I wote my humble vein,
ow my rimes been rugged and unkempt;
I con my cunning I will strain.

hen, Melpomene! the mournfulst Muse of
se of mourning never hadst afore;
ly Ghosts! and up my ruful Rime!
of mirth now shalt thou have no more,
d she is that mirth thee made of yore;
my dear, alas! is dead,
and lieth wrapt in lead.
vy herse!
reaming tears be poured out in store;
reful verse!
epherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downs
il ye this woeful waste of Nature's wark;
ail we the wight whose presence was our pride;
ail we the wight whose absence is our cark;
he sun of all the world is dim and dark;
he earth now wants her wonted light,
nd all we dwell in deadly night.
heavy hearse!
Break we our pipes, that shrill'd as loud as lark;
O careful verse!
Why do we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better days Death hath shut up in woe?
The fairest flower our girlond all among
Is faded quite, and into dust ygo.
Sing now, ye shepherd's daughters, sing no mo
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy herse!
Now is time to die; nay, time was long ygo;
O careful verse!

Whence is it that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale?
Yet soon as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
It flowreth fresh, as it should never fail:
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As vertue's branch and beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy herse!
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must qua[fa
O careful verse!
She, while she was, (that was a woful wor[
For beauty's praise and pleasance had no peer;
So well she couth the shepherds entertain
With cakes and cracknels, and such country cl
Ne would she scorn the simple shepherd's swa
For she would call him often heam,
And give him curds and clouted cream.
O heavy herse!
Als Colin Clout she would not once disdai[c
O careful verse!
But now sike happy cheer is turn'd t
Such pleasance now displac'd by dolor's di
All musick sleeps, where Death doth lead th
And shepherds' wonted solace is extinct.
The blue in black, the green in gray, is t
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowers her corse embrave,
O heavy herse!
Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn w
O careful verse!

great shepherd, Lobbin, how great is thy
if!
the nosegays that she dight for thee?
ed chaplets wrought with a chief,
d rush-rings, and gilt rosemaree?
med nothing too dear for thee.
een all yclad in clay,
blast blew all away,
rse!
ught remains but the memoree;
erse!
that dreery Death should strike so mortal
ndoDameNature's kindly course; [stroke,
locks fall from the lofty oke,
do gasp, for dried is their source,
of tears flow in their stead perforce:
d meadows mourn,
ry colours tourn.
rse!
s do melt in tears without remorse;
erse!
le flocks in field refuse their former food,
heir heads as they would learn to weep;
in forest wail as they were wood,
wolves, that chase the wandring sheep,
gone that safely did hem keep:
on the bared branch
ie wound that Death did lanch.
rse!
nel her song with tears doth steep;
rse!

The water nymphs, that wont with her to si
And for her girlond olive branches bear, [
Now baleful boughs of cypress done advanc
The Muses, that were wont green bays to v
Now bringen bitter elder branches sere;
The Fatal Sisters eke repent
Her vital threed so soon was spent.
O heavy herse!
Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy
O careful verse!

O trustless state of earthly things, and slipp
Of mortal men, that swink and sweat for no
And shooting wide, do miss the marked scop
Now have I learn'd (a lesson dearly bought
That nis on earth assurance to be sought;
For what might be in earthly mould
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herse!
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brough
O careful verse!

But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters'
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force, [
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weeps Lobbin so without remor
O Lobb! thy loss no longer lament;
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
O happy herse!
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy
sourse,
O joyful verse!

hen? why weary we the gods with plaints,
were to her betight?
ddess now emong the saints,
vas the saint of shepherds light,
l now in heaven's hight.
d soul, I see
n fields so free.

ome to thee, (O that I might!)
[ill,
wretched men to weet what's good or
ath as doom of ill desert;
Fools, what it us brings until,
laily, once it to expert;
e the shepherd can assert;
pleasant layes there been;
fresh, the grass aye green.
!
song, my woe now wasted is;
!
afore (whose turn shall be the next?)
with the blessed gods in bliss,
he nectar with ambrosia mixt,
's that mortal men do miss.
ow of highest gods she is,
was poor shepherds' pride,
earth she did abide.
!
song, my woe now wasted is;
!"

THE. Aye, frank shepherd, how been thy ver
meint
With doleful pleasance, so as I ne wot,
Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint?
Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
Up, Colin up, ynough thou mourned hast;
Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

DECEMBER.

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

The Argument.

THIS last Aeglogue, like the first, is a soliloquy of Colin, reflecting on the pleasures and levities of his youth, the progress of his riper years, and complaining that his life is now blasted, and brought to its winter season, through his long and hopeless passion for Rosalind.

THE gentle shepherd sate besides a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy brere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere:
There as he sate in secret shade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of love his piteous moan.

"O sovereign Pan! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Do'st save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their maisters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and ward;

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherd's oaten reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile from thy green cabinet,
The lawrel song of careful Colinet.

Whilom in youth, when flowr'd my youthfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there,
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear:
I went the wastful woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been espide.

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Christmas-game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.
What wrecked I of wintry ages wast?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I seal'd the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For like to me was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilk same looser yeers
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I too much believ'd my shepherd peers)
Somedele ybent to song and musick's mirth,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field;

t Hobbinol right judgment bare,
own self pipe I need not yeeld:
.ocking nymphs did follow Pan,
Muses after Colin ran.

ıch pride at length was ill repaid;
:rds' god (perdy god was he none)
s pleasance did me ill upbraid,
ı lorn, my life he left to mone.
im called that gave me checkmate,
nought they have behote him Hate.

ıy lovely spring bid me farewel,
er season sped him to display
:hen in the Lion's house did dwell)
fire that kindled at his ray
ir'd up that unkindly heat,
:d (as men said) in Venus' seat.

[led, not as I wont afore,
:e I had to chuse my wandring way,
r Luck and Love's unbridled lore
me forth on fancies bit to play:
ıy bed, the bramble was my bow'r,
can witness many a woeful stow'r.

ıs wont to seek the hony bee,
er formal rowms in wexen frame,
todestool grown there mought I see,
l paddocks lording on the same:

And where the chaunting birds lull'd me asleep,
The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

Then as the spring gives place to elder Time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of sommer's pride,
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper season self apply'd,
And learn'd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might save my sheep and me from shame.

To make fine cages for the nightingale,
And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale
Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hunt?
I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,
How Phœbus fails, where Venus sits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The suddain rising of the raging seas,
The sooth of birds, by beating of their wings,
The pow'r of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t'enrage the restless sheep,
And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
Yet kydst not one to cure thy sore heart-root,
Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy death's wound?
Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found?

er worn away and wasted,
it hasten'd all too rathe;
ed fair is burnt and blasted,
gain is turn'd to scathe.
t in youth was sown,
ikes and brambles to be mown.

osmes, that crowned were at first,
timely fruit such store,
and barren now at earst;
t is fallen to ground before,
ley were half mellow ripe;
, my hope away did wipe.

ers that in my garden grew
they had been gather'd long;
ried up for lack of dew,
ars they ham been e'er among,
ught my Rosalind this spight,
s that should her girlond dight?

m wont to frame my pipe
of the shepherd's foot,
ave gather'd as too ripe,
as rotten and unsoot.
cast to please no more,
ough is me therefore.

y harvest-hope I have
t a weedy crop of care,

Which when I thought have thresh'd in swelling sheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barly, bare:
Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fin'd,
All blown away was of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to his latter term,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt up quite;
My harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right:
So now he storms with many a sturdy stour;
So now his blustring blast each coast doth scour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath pight;
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright:
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past;
No sun now shines, clouds han all over-cast.

Now leave, ye Shepherds Boys, your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of this stound;
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better sound:
Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after Winter dreary death does haste.

Gather together ye my little flock,
[illegible] flock, that was to me most lief;
[illegible] let me in your folds ye lock,
[illegible] the breme Winter breed your greater grief.

Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

Adieu, Delights, that lulled me asleep;
Adieu, my Dear, whose love I bought so dear;
Adieu, my little Lambs and loved Sheep;
Adieu, ye Woods, that oft my witness were:
Adieu, good Hobbinol, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind Colin bids her adieu.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

EPILOGUE.

LOE! I have made a Calendar for every yeere,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shal
And if I marked well the starres revolution, [w
It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his shee
And from the falser's fraude his folded flocke to k
Goe, little Calendar! thou hast a free passport;
Goe, but a lowely gate amongst the meaner sort:
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man plaid au
But follow them farre off, and their high steps a
The better please, the worse displease; I ask no mor

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

HYMNS.

To the right Honourable and most vertuous Ladies,

THE LADY MARGARET,

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADY MARY,

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, com
these former two Hymns in the praise of lov
beauty, and finding that the same too much j
those of like age and disposition, which be
vehemently carried with that kind of affec
rather suck out poison to their strong passi
honey to their honest delight, I was move
one of you two most excellent Ladies to c
same; but being unable so to do, by re
many copies thereof were formerly
abroad, I resolved at least to amend, a
of retraction, to reform them, making
those two Hymns of earthly or natur
... two others of heavenly and

which I do dedicate jointly unto you tw
sisters, as to the most excellent and ra
of all true love and beauty, both in the
other kind; humbly beseeching you to v
patronage of them, and to accept thi
service, in lieu of the great graces an
favours which ye daily show unto m
time as I may, by better means, yield y
notable testimony of my thankful mind
happiness. And even so I pray for you

Your Honours most bounden

In all humble servi

Greenwich, this first of
September 1596.

EDMUND S

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdu'd my poor captived heart,
And raging now therein with restless stowre,
Dost tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I seek to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t' assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,
By which thou madest many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embru'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdu'd.

Only I fear my wits, enfeebled late
Through the sharp sorrows which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head:
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of Love!
Out of thy silver bowres and secret bliss,
Where thou dost sit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kiss,
That sweeter far than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye, fair Nymphs! which oftentimes have loved
The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your hearts
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when ye were sorry.

And ye, fair blossoms of youth's wanton breed!
Which in the conquests of your beauty boast,
Wherewith your lover's feeble eyes you feed,
But starve their hearts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymn to sing,
Made in the honour of your sovereign king.

Great God of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy hest dost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That dost the lions and fell tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight,
Who can express the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity,
And yet a child, renewing still thy years,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peers?

For e'er this world's still moving mighty mass
Out of great Chaos' ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkness kept,
Love, that had now long time securely slept
In Venus' lap, unarmed then and naked,
Gan rear his head, by Clotho being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heaven's life-giving fire,
He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Thro all the great wide waste yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own fair mother, for all creatures' sake,
Did lend him light from her own goodly ray;
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world, that was not till he did it make,
Whose sundry parts he from themselves did sever,
The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other by all means they may,
Threatning their own confusion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till Love relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and tempering goodly well
Their contrary dislikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keep themselves within their sundry reigns,
Together link'd with adamantine chains;
Yet so as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and shew their kindly mig

So ever since they firmly have remained,
And duly well observed his beheast;
Thro which now all these things that are contain
Within this goodly cope, both most and least,
Their being have, and daily are increast
Thro secret sparks of his infused fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likeness of their kind,
Whilst they seek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning find
But man, that breathes a more immortal mind,
Not for lust's sake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his lasting progeny:

ng yet in his deducted spright
nks remaining of that heavenly fire,
lumin'd with that goodly light,
e goodly semblant to aspire;
:e in choice of love he doth desire
:ms on earth most heavenly to embrace,
me is Beauty, born of heavenly race.

of all that in this mortal frame
:d is, nought more divine doth seem,
:esembleth more th' immortal flame
:nly light, than beauty's glorious beam.
/onder then if with such rage extreme
n, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
t thereof so much enravish'd be?

well perceiving, that imperious boy
:rewith tip his sharp empoisoned darts,
glancing thro the eyes with count'nance coy,
: till they have pierc'd the trembling hearts,
ıdled flame in all their inner parts,
sucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
'ul wretches with consuming grief.

forth they 'plain, and make full piteous moan
: author of their baleful bane;
ys they waste, the nights they grieve and
ves thy loath, and heaven's light disdain;
t but that whose lamp doth yet remain
urning in the image of their eye,
deign to see, and seeing it still die.

The whilst thou tyrant Love dost laugh and scorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play,
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorn,
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls forlorn,
The whiles thou dost triumph in their decay;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou dost enmarble the proud heart of her
Whose love before their life they do prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassal, whose yet bleeding heart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little part;
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrozen her disdainful brest,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost shew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my shame?
Certes small glory dost thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the soveraign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely beasts despise,
And on thy subjects most dost tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou maist well try if thou wilt ever swerve,
And maist them make it better to deserve,
And having got it, may it more esteem;
For things hard gotten men more dearly deem.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfir'd
As things divine, least passions do impress,
The more of stedfast minds to be admir'd,
The more they stayed be on stedfastness;
But baseborn minds such lamps regard the less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire;
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire.

For Love is lord of Truth and Loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of loathly sinful lust,
Whose base effect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghil thoughts, which do themselves enure
To dirty dross, no higher dare aspire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestial fire
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up *to* the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it self excel,
Which he beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasie,
Still full, yet never satisfide with it,
Like Tantale, that in store doth starved lie,
So doth he pine in most satiety;
For nought may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought but how it to attain;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seems in it all blisses to contain,
In sight whereof all other bliss seems vain:
Thrise happy Man! might he the same possess
He fains himself, and doth his fortune bless.

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus far happy he himself doth ween,
That heavens such happy grace did to him lend
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen
His heart's enshrined saint, his heaven's queen,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.

forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
he may do her favour to obtain;
brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
puissant conquest, what adventrous pain
please her best, and grace unto him gain;
eads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
ith, his fortune, in his breast he bears.

art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
, being blind, letst him not see his fears,
arriest him to that which he hath ey'd,
igh seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and spears;
ight so strong that may his force withstand,
which thou armest his resistless hand.

ese Leander in the Euxine waves,
stout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
les pressing through the Phrygian glaves,
Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
umned fiends, to get his love retire;
oth through heaven and hell thou makest way,
in them worship'd which do thee obey.

if by all these perils and these pains
ay but purchase liking in her eye,
t heavens of joy then to himself he feigns!
ones he wipes quite out of memory
tever ill before he did aby:
t been death, yet would he die again,
e thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T' approach more near, till in her inmost brest
He may embosom'd be and loved best;
And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone;
For love cannot endure a paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than hellish pain!
And to his feigning fansie represent
Sights never seen, and thousand shadows vain,
To break his sleep, and waste his idle brain:
Thou that hast never lov'd canst not believe
Least part of th' evils which poor lovers grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain surmises, the distrustful shows,
The false reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The feigned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more than any tongue can tell,
Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more cursed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monster, Jealousie,
Which eats the heart and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all Love's delight to misery,
Through fear of loosing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By these, O Love! thou dost thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and dost the more endear
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake,
As after storms, when clouds begin to clear,
The sun more bright and glorious doth appear;
So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
Dost bear unto thy bliss, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placest in a paradise
Of all delight and joyous happy rest,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly wise,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus' dearlings, through her bounty blest,
And lie like gods in ivory beds arayd,
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they do play
Their hurtless sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosom boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty shame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crown their goddess and their queen,
And deck with flowers thy altars well beseen.

Ay me! dear Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the pains and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might myself assure
That happy port for ever to recure!
Then would I think these pains no pains at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
And heavenly hymn, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
'Bove all the gods, thee only honouring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, drad Lord! vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

AN HYMN

IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY.

Ah! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry me?
What wontless fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whilst seeking to aslake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desire,
And up aloft above my strength dost raise
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise.

That as I earst, in praise of thine own name,
So now in honour of thy mother dear,
An honourable Hymn I eke should frame,
And with the brightness of her beauty clear,
The ravisht hearts of gazeful men might rear
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soul-enchanting might.

Thereto do thou, great Goddess! Queen of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose sovereign grace and kindly duty
Nothing on earth seems fair to fleshly sight,
Do thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyn,
And beautify this sacred Hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,
And eke to her, whose fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woe's extream,
It may so please, that she at length will stream
Some dew of grace into my wither'd heart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT time this world's great Workmaster did cast
To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eyes had plac'd
A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, wheresoere it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore,
Whose face and feature doth so much exce
All mortal sense, that none the same may

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or less, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mi
Which closeth it thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims th
Of that fair beam which therein is

For through infusion of celestial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits privily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the looker's sight
They seem to please; that is thy sovereign might,
O Cyprian queen! which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it admire;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That Beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measur'd, with meet disposition?

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the heart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolorous smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are array'd with much more orient hue,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Excell'd, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! believe me there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of men;
I that have often prov'd too well it know,
And whoso list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That Beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward shew of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay,
And those sweet rosie leaves, so fairly spred
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire;
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

For when the soul, the which derived was,
At first, out of that great immortal spright,
By whom all live to love, whylom did pass
Down from the top of purest heaven's hight
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively spirits from that fairest star
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining still or more or less,
When she in fleshly seed is eft enraced,
Through every part she doth the same impress,
According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her self, adorning it with spoil
Of th' heavenly riches which she robb'd erewhile.

Thereof it comes that these fair souls, which have
The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and brave
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the gross matter by a sovereign might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is *form*, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endewed,
Know this for certain, that the same doth hold
A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thewed,
Fit to receive the seed of vertue strewed;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chance, against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is perform'd with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls, (ay me, the more to rue!)
That goodly Beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst every one doth seek and sue to have it,
But every one doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested unto will:
Natheless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However fleshes fault it filthy make,
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye, fair Dames! the world's dear ornaments,
And lively images of heaven's light,
Let not your beams with such disparagements
Be dimm'd, and your bright glory darkned quite;
But mindful still of your first country's sight,
Do still preserve your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauteous face.

Loath that foul blot, that hellish firebrand,
Disloyal lust, fair Beauty's foulest blame,
That base affection, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by Love's abused name,
But is indeed the bond-slave of Defame,
Which will the girland of your glory mar,
And quench the sight of your bright-shining star.

But gentle Love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of your's, your likeness doth display;
Like as two mirrours by oppos'd reflection,
Do both express the face's first impression.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may;
For else what booteth that celestial ray,
If it in darkness be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of loves this well advise,
That likest to yourselves ye them select,
The which your forms' first source may sympathize
And with like beauty's parts be inly deckt;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant war,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do jar.

For love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts compos'd of stars' consent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true consent,
Which they have harbour'd since their first descen
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in Love's gentle band combined be
But those whom Heaven did at first ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t' agree;
For all that like the beauty which they see
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As straight to burn at first beholder's sight.

But they which love indeed look otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refined form, which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection.

ıen conforming it unto the light,
in it self it hath remaining still,
: first sun, yet sparkling in his sight,
f he fashions in his higher skill
.venly beauty to his fancy's will,
embracing in his mind entire,
irrour of his own thought doth admire.

seeing now so inly fair to be,
.ward it appeareth to the eye,
ith his spirit's proportion to agree,
reon fixing all his fantasie,
ılly setteth his felicity,
ng it fairer than it is indeed,
:t indeed her fairness doth exceed.

'ers' eyes more sharply sighted be
)ther mens, and in dear love's delight
're than any other eyes can see,
gh mutual receipt of beames bright,
carry privy message to the spright,
) their eyes that inmost fair display,
in as light discovers dawning day.

n they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
s of Loves still flying to and fro,
ı dart at them their little fiery launces;
ı having wounded, back again they go,
ng compassion to their lovely foe;
:eeing her fair eyes' so sharp effect,
ıll their sorrows with one sweet aspect.

In which how many wonders do they reed
To their conceit, that others never see?
Now of her smiles, with which their souls they feed,
Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words' embassade forth she sends,
Lord, how sweet musick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night;
But on her lips, like rosie buds in May,
So many millions of chaste Pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' store,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend,
That in mens hearts thou maist thy throne install,
And spread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then Iö, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conquest high,
That all this world, the which thy vassals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty
Adore the powre of thy great majesty,
Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am!

In lieu whereof grant, O great Sovereign!
That she whose conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first from me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you fair Venus' dearling, my dear Dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddess of my life,
When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my heart's long pining grief,
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden win
From this base world unto thy heavens
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovere
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may
Unto the God of Love, high Heaven's K

Many lewd layes (ah! woe is me the mo
In praise of that mad fit which fools call
I have in th' heat of youth made heretof
That in light wits did loose affection m
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of true Love to sin

And ye that wont with greedy vain desi
To read my fault, and, wondring at my
To warm your selves at my wide sparkli
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench
And in her ashes shrowd my dying sham
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old fault renew

BEFORE this world's great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound which doth embrace
The rolling sphere, and parts their howers by space,
That high eternal Powre, which now doth move
In all these things, mov'd in it self by love.

It lovd it self, because it self was fair,
(For fair is lov'd, and of it self begot
Like to it self his eldest Son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honour crown'd.

With him he reign'd, before all time prescribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright!
Whose kingdom's throne no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much less my trembling verse
With equal words can hope it to reherse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of light,
Eternal spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestial dew,
That may my rimes with sweet infuse embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marveils by thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powreful g
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to g
Things like himself, and to enlarge his
His second brood, through not of powre
Yet full of beauty, next he did beget,
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glistring glorious in their Maker's li

To them the heavens' illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from her
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burnin
And with ten thousand gemms of shining
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal blis
And be partakers of those joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies
When he them on his messages doth send
Or on his own drad presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll hymns of love both day and n

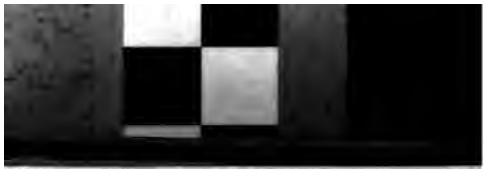
Both day and night is unto them all one,
For he his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never non
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliss, an
But there their tameless time in pleasure s
Ne ever should there happiness decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they 'gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the child of Light,
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heaven's hight, to which they did aspire,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darkness and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Maker's love,
Next to himself in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from above
Through pride, (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of sin to all ensample be:
How then can sinful flesh it self assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknowen colonie therein, [begin.
Whose root from earth's base ground-work should



Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had fashion'd in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breath'd a living spright
Into his face, most beautiful and fair,
Endew'd with wisdom, riches heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he resembled might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom he might his mighty self behold;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see,
That like it self in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his maker's grace
No less than angels, whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promis'd heavenly place,
Into the mouth of Death, to sinners due,
And all his off-spring into thraldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet ever-dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
Made of meer love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despaired hell,
Him, wretch, in dool would let no longer dwell,
But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which he reigned with his glorious sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That he for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto that happy state
In which he stood before his hapless fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfide;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpass,
Could make amends to God for man's misguide,
But only man himself, whose self did slide:
So taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed body, which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despightful shame
Reviling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow-tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decree.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of Love's deep wound, that pierst the piteous heart
Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And sharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soul did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerved!

What heart can feel least touch of so sore l
Or thought can think the depth of so dear
Whose bleeding source their streams yet never
But still do flow, and freshly still redownd,
To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flowre of Gra
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Lig
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds beh
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy most precious b

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this lo
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain:
Aye me! what can us less than that behove
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with ga
He gave us life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As he himself hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearly bough
And next our brethren, to his image wrou

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we fared had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himself, in his dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that self mould and that self Maker's hand
That we, and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price redeemed
That we however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his sake,
Even for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs partake,
Knowing that whatsoe'er to them we give,
We give to him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed
Unto us taught, and, to approve it true,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miserable crew!)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And love our brethren, thereby to approve
How much himself that loved us we love.

Then rouze thy self, O Earth! out of thy soil,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And doost thy mind in durty pleasures moyl,
Undmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy-clouded eyne,
That thou this sovereign bounty maist behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful oxe and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his strife,
His pains, his poverty, his sharp assays,
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and false accused,
How with most scornful taunts, and fell despights
He was revil'd, disgrac'd, and foul abused; [brused;
How scourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how
And, lastly, how 'twixt robbers crucifide, [side!
With bitter wound through hands, through feet, and

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force;
And let thy soul, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of his endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to his soveraign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love that loved thee so dear,
And in thy breast his blessed image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and mind,
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renownce and utterly displace,
And give thy self unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himself for thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possest,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem durt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane skill
And thy bright radient eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of his pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things above

AN HYMN

OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited sprights,
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see;

That with the glory of so goodly sight
The hearts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-seeming shews, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie view
Of this base world, subject to fleshly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal skye;
Of the soar faulcon so I learn to flye,
That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till she herself for stronger flight can breathe.

Then look who list, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide universe, and therein reed
The endless kinds of creatures which by name
Thou canst not count, much less their natures aim,
All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

First, the earth, on adamantine pillers founded
Amid the sea, engirt with brasen bands,
Then th' air still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every side, with piles of flaming brands,
Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And, last, that mighty shining crystal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That still as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of purest Beauty it at last ascend;
Ayr more than water, fire much more than ayr,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure and fair.

ı no further, but affix thine eye
ight shiny round still-moving mass,
ɛ of blessed Gods, which men call Skye,
with glistring stars more thick than grass,
each other doth in brightness pass,
two most, which ruling night and day,
ınd queen the heaven's empire sway;

ne then, what hast thou ever seen
ıeir beauty may compared be,
e sight that is most sharp and keen
ıeir captain's flaming head to see?
h less those, much higher in degree,
ıuch fairer, and much more than these,
ıre fairer than the land and seas?

ıove these heavens which here we see
far exceeding these in light,
ded, not corrupt, as these same be,
te in largeness and in height,
g, uncorrupt, and spotless bright.
l no sun t'illuminate their spheres,
own native light far passing theirs.

ıese heavens still by degrees arise,
/ come to their first Mover's bound,
ıis mighty compass doth comprise,
y all the rest with him around,
ikewise do by degrees redound,
more fair, till they at last arrive
ost fair, whereto they all do strive.

ir is the heaven where happy souls have place,
full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majesty;
More fair is that where those idees on hie
Enranged be which Plato so admired,
And pure intelligences from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do reign
The sovereign powers and mighty potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal seats
And heavenly dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be those bright cherubims,
Which all with golden wings are over-dight,
And those eternal burning seraphims,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright,
Be th' angels and archangels, which attend
On God's own person without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the highest they approach more near,
Yet is that highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties joyn'd together were;
How then can mortal tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectness?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his bliss,
His grace, his doom, his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himself a sight!

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himself in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glass, through which he may
Be seen of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face,
His glorious face! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves cannot endure his sight.

But we, frail wights! whose sight cannot sustain
The sun-bright beams when he on us doth shine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that majesty divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark,
Compar'd to his least resplendent spark?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen book,
To read enregistred in every nook
His goodness, which his Beauty doth declare;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,
And like the native brood of eagles kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of his majesty
Throw thy self down, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the drad face of that great Deity,
For fear lest if he chance to look on thee
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercy-seat,
Close cover'd with the Lamb's integrity
From the just wrath of his avengeful threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high;
His throne is built upon eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth pass.

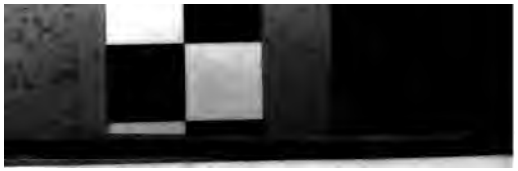
His scepter is the rod of righteousness,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of his judgment just;
His seat is Truth, to which the faithful trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure and bright,
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing spark
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are red,
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wisards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth shine
Is many thousand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear;
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound;
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fire,
The instruments of his avenging ire.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerless majesty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more clear.



And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on high,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her powre imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain,
For of her fulness which the world doth fill
They all partake, and do in state remain
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made and still increast.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,
And more increast by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd Venus with so curious quill,
That all posterity admired it,
Have pourtray'd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her self, had she remained still,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that sweet Teian poet, which did spend
His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Above that idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught!

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a wight,
Or hope t'express her least perfection's part,
Whose beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weak and faint
The pourtrait of so heavenly hue to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that fair love of mighty Heaven's King;
Enough is me t'admire so heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her self to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his own beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her self can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul of sense through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carolings
Of God's high praise, that fills the brasen sky,
And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense
Or idle thought of earthly things remain,
But all that earst seem'd sweet seems now offence,
And all that pleased earst now seems to pain:
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they see;
All other sights but fained shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul, and full of sinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aspire
By name of Honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches dross,
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre loss.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in the aspect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye,
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry Soul! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my foolish thought,
And with false Beauty's flattering bait misled,
Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance through thy folly's prief,
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief;

And look at last up to that sovereign light
From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

I.

Being one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Under a rock where she, alas! opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel Death vanquishing so noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail so hard a destiny.

II.

After at sea a tall ship did appear,
Made all of heben and white ivory;
The sails of gold: of silk the tackle were;
Mild was the wind, calm seem'd the sea to be
The sky each where did show full bright and
With rich treasures this gay ship fraited was
But sudden storm did so turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a rock that under water lay,
And perished past all recovery.
O how great ruth and sorrowful assay
Doth vex my spirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drov
great riches as like cannot be foun

III.

avenly branches did I see arise
of the fresh and lusty laurel-tree,
idst the young green wood of Paradise;
ome noble plant I thought my self to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
Chanting in shade their sundry melody,
That with their sweetness I was ravisht nere.
While on this laurel fixed was mine eye,
The sky 'gan every where to over-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heaven's fire out-brast,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain,
For no such shadow shall be had again.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rock, did rise
A spring of water, mildly tumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wise
The homely shepherd nor the ruder clown,
But many Muses and the Nymphs withal,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereat did much rejoyce.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I saw (alas!) the gaping earth devour
The spring, the place, and all clean out of sight,
Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this hour,
And wounds my soul with ruful memory,
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.

I saw a phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hue;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heavenly wight I had the view,
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring that late devoured was.
What say I more? Each thing at last we see
Doth pass away: the phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himself smote with his beak, as in disdain,
And so forthwith in great despite he dide,
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of so hapless plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI.

At last, so fair a lady did I spy,
That thinking yet on her I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowres she walked pensively,
Mild, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were,
As snow and gold together had been wrought.
Above the waste a dark cloud shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heel her caught,
Wherewith she languisht as the gather'd flowre,
And well assur'd she mounted up to joy.
Alas! on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy,
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with storms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustless state
Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men tossed by troublous Fate,
In restless seas of wretchedness and woe,
I wish I might this weary life forgo,
And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any mo
Be vext with sights that do her peace molest.
And ye, fair Lady! in whose bounteous brest
All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rimes do read, and view the rest,
Loath this base world, and think of heaven's bliss:
And though ye be the fairest of God's creatures,
Yet think that death shall spoil your goodly features.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

I.

It was the time when Rest, soft sliding down
From heaven's height into mens' heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
The careful thoughts of mortal miseries,
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
On that great river's bank that runs by Rome,
Which calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come;
And crying loud, lo, now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is!
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!
So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillours fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase:
Gold was the parget, and the cieling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of jasp and emerauld was dight.
O world's vainness! whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spire of diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see:
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden vessel couched were
The ashes of a mighty emperour.
Upon four corners of the base were pight,
To bear the frame, four lyons great, of gold,
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight:
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw rais'd up on ivory pillors tall,
Whose bases were of richest metals wark,
The chapters alablaster, the fryses crystal,
The double front of a triumphal ark:
On each side pourtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a nymph, that wings of silver wears,
And in triumphant chair was set on hy
The antient glory of the Roman peers.
No work it seem'd of earthly craftsman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own industry
That thunder darts for Jove his sire, doth fit.
Let me no more see fair thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seen so fair a sight
With sudden fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far seen,
Upon seven hills to spread his gladsom gleam,
And conquerors bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the Ausonian stream:
There many an ancient trophy was addrest,
And many a spoil, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave race's greatness did attest,
That whilom from the Trojan blood did flow.
Ravisht I was so rare a thing to view,
When, lo! a barbarous troup of clownish fone
The honour of these noble bows down threw:
Under the wedge I heard the tronk to groan;
And since I saw the root in great disdain
A twin of forked trees send forth again.

VI.

I saw a wolf under a rocky cave
Nursing two whelps; I saw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nor
I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T' embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm b
Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage:
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Down from the mountains bord'ring Lombar
That with an hundred spears her flank wide re
I saw her on the plain outstretched lie,
Throwing out thousand throbs in her own s
Soon on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoil.

VII.

the bird that can the sun endure,
.1 feeble wings assay to mount on hight,
more and more she 'gan her wings t'assure,
ollowing th'ensample of her mother's sight,
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To measure the most haughty mountain's hight,
Until she raught the god's own mansions;
There was she lost, when suddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold,
All flaming down she on the plain was feld,
And soon her body turn'd to ashes cold.
I saw the fowl that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose foamy billows
Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
I saw it cover'd all with grisly shadows,
That with black horror did the air appall:
There-out a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That towns and castles under her breast did cour,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equal ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd to see this monster's kind
In hundred forms to change his fearful hue,
Whenas at length I saw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scythian mew
That sperst these clouds, and in so short as thought
This dreadful shape was vanished to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
An hideous body big and strong I saw,
With side-long beard, and locks down hanging l
Stern face, and front full of Saturn-like awe,
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd forth a water whose out-gushing flood
Ran bathing all the creaky shore aflot,
Wheron the Trojan prince spilt Turnus' bloo
And at his feet a bitch-wolf suck did yield
To two young babes: his left the palm-tree sto
His right hand did the peaceful olive wield,
And head with laurel garnisht was about
Sudden both palm and olive fell away,
And fair green laurel-branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a river's side a virgin fair,
Folding her arms to heaven with thousand t
And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling rivers' sound thus tun'd her sob
Where is (quoth she) this whilom honored
Where the great glory and the ancient pra
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When gods and men my honour up did r
Suffic'd it not that civil wars me made
The whole world's spoil, but that this hy
Of hundred Hercules' to be assaid,
With seven heads, budding monstrous c
So many Neroes and Caligulas
Out of these crooked shores must dail

XI.

,on an hill a bright flame I did see,
'aving aloft with triple point to sky,
Vhich like incense of precious cedar tree,
Vith balmy odours fill'd th' air far and nigh:
A bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Here-out up to the throne of gods did fly,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did sty.
Of this fair fire the scattered rays forth threw
On every side a thousand shining beams,
When sudden dropping of a silver dew [flames,
O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
That it which earst so pleasant scent did yield,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphur smeld.

XII.

saw a spring out of a rock forth rall,
As clear as crystal, 'gainst the sunny beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
That bright Pactolus washt with his streams;
t seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there for which man's heart could long,
And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids' song:
The seats and benches shone of ivory,
And hundred nymphs sat side by side about,
When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
A troup of satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

XIII.

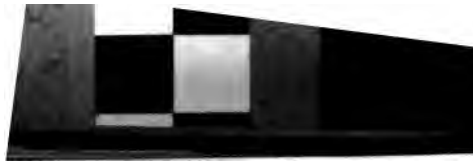
Much richer than that vessel seem'd to be
Which did to that sad Florentine appear,
Casting mine eyes far off, I chanc'd to see
Upon the Latine coast her self to rear;
But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close envy to these riches rare,
Which 'gan assail this ship with dreaful th
This ship, to which none other might comp
And finally, the storm impetuous
Sunk up these riches, second unto none,
Within the gulf of greedy Nereus:
I saw both ship and mariners each one,
And all that treasure, drowned in the main;
But I the ship saw after rais'd again.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sa
I saw a city like unto that same
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
But that on sand was built the goodly fram
It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
And no less rich than fair, right worthy su
(If ought here worthy) of immortal days,
Or if ought under heaven might firm endur
Much wondered I to see so fair a wall,
When from the northern coast a storm aros
Which breathing fury from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose
Into a cloud of dust sperst in the air
The weak foundations of this city fair.

XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
Most truly doth unto her eyes appear,
Weary to see the heavens still wavring thus,
I saw Typhæus' sister coming near,
Whose head full bravely with a morion hid,
Did seem to match the gods in majestie;
She by a rivers bank, that swift down slid,
O'er all the world did raise a trophee hie;
An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,
With arms bound at their backs in shameful wise.
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heavens in war against her rise,
Then down she striken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noise I wakt in sudden wonder.



V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleep)
That makes the sea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth seem to sweep
The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge leviathan, Dame Nature's wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weep;
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyss him forced forth to spew,
That all the sea did roar like heaven's thunder,
And all the waves were stain'd with filthy hue.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
What-ever thing seems small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose back was arm'd against the dint of spear,
With shields of brass, that shone like burnish'd gold,
And forked sting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a spider, his unequal peer,
And bad defiance to his enemy:
The subtil vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drink shed poison privily,
Which through his intrails spreading diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforc'd to yield the victory,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
O how great vainness is it then to scorn
The weak, that hath the strong so oft forlorn'

VII.

gh on a hill a goodly cedar grew,
wondrous length and straight proportion,
nat far abroad her dainty odours threw;
longst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
r match in beauty was not any one:
ortly within her inmost pith there bred
little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
nat on her sap and vital moisture fed:
henceforth her garland, so much honoured,
gan to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
nd her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
nat shortly bald and bared she became.
which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
o see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

VIII.

on after this, I saw an elephant,
lorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
nat on his back did bear (as batteilant)
gilden towre, which shone exceedingly,
nat he himself, through foolish vanity,
th for his rich attire and goodly form,
as puffed up with passing surquedry,
nd shortly 'gan all other beasts to scorn;
ll that a little ant, a silly worm,
to his nostrils creeping, so him pain'd,
nat casting down his towres, he did deform
th borrow'd pride, and native beauty stain'd.
t therefore nought that great is therein glory,
h *so small thing* his happiness may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide,
Through the main sea making her merry flight;
Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,
That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did smile:
All suddenly there clove unto her keel
A little fish, that men call Remora,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly satisfy'd
With prey of beasts and spoil of living blood,
Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide:
His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claws:
I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draws,
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire:
In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire,
That dead himself he wished for despight:
So *weakest may* annoy the most of might.

XI.

: time the Roman empire bore the reign
l the world, and flourish'd most in might,
nations 'gan their sovereignty disdain,
cast to quit them from their bondage quite;
vhen all shrouded were in silent night,
e Galls were, by corrupting of a maid,
ssess'd nigh of the Capitol through slight,
d not a goose the treachery bewraid:
then a goose great Rome from ruin staid,
nd Jove himself, the patron of the place,
reserv'd from being to his foes betraid,
Vhy do vain men mean things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

XII.

When these sad sights were over-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breast
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read these Ruines tragical,
Learn by their loss to love the low degree,
And if that Fortune chance you up to call
To Honour's seat, forget not what ye be;
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure.

PROSOPOPOIA:
OR, MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

To the Right Honourable

THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST fair and vertuous Lady! having often sought opportunity, by some good means, to make known to your Ladyship the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always professed, and am bound to bear to that house from whence ye spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately, amongst other papers, lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, moved to set them forth. Simple is the device, and the composition mean, yet carrieth some delight; even the rather because of the simplicity and meanness thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladyship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, until, with some other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost duty. Till then, wishing your Ladyship all increase of honour and happiness, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

ED. SPENSER.

IT was the month in which the righteous maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
To her silver bower the sun received,

And the hot Syrian dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th' air with his noisom breath,
And pour'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest, a wicked malady
Reign'd emongst men, that many did to die,
Depriv'd of sense and ordinary reason,
That it to leeches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, 'mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe,
And my weak body, set on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in chearful wise,
And means of gladsom solace to devise;
But seeing kindly Sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And sitting all on seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary hours:
Some told of ladies and their paramours:
Some of brave knights and their renowned squires;
Some of the Fairies and their strange attires;
And some of giants hard to be believed;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did far surpass

The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well:
She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
Told of a strange adventure that betided
Betwixt the fox and th' ape, by him misguided,
The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
I'll write in terms as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may:
No Muse's aid me needs here-to to call;
Base is the style, and matter mean withal.
"Whilom (said she) before the world was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
And hard estate, determined to seek
Their fortunes far abroad, lyeke with his lyeke;
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.
The Fox, that first this cause of grief did find
'Gan first thus plain his case with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be ty'd)
To whom may I more trustely complain
The evil plight that doth me sore constrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have spent and worn
In mean regard and basest fortune's scorn,
Doing my country service as I might,
No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight,
And still I hoped to be up advanced
For my good parts, but still it hath mischan

ore, that no lenger hope I see,
d fortune still to follow me,
lifted high where I did look,
urn the next leaf of the book;
any way I do betake,
gossip privy first to make.
dear Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape)
our sad words my wits awhape,
cause your grief doth great appear,
cause my self am touched near;
ise have wasted much good time,
; to preferment up to clime,
rs always have before me stept,
ny beard the fat away have swept,
into despair I 'gin to grow,
or better wind about to throw;
to me, my trusty Friend, aread
l: two is better than one head.
aid he) I mean me to disguize
ange habit, after uncouth wize,
grim or a lymiter,
sen or a juggeler,
vander to the worldes end,
fortune where I may it mend,
ian that I have I cannot meet:
world I wote, and every street
rtunes and adventures straunge,
subject unto chaunge.
Brother, now, if this device
, or may you to look entice.

Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well,
And would ye not poor fellowship expell,
My self would offer you t'accompany
In this adventure's chanceful jeopardy,
For to wex old at home in idleness
Is disadventrous, and quite fortuneless:
Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.
The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree;
So both resolv'd the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed,
And over night, what-so thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves (a God's name) on their way,
When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'advise.
Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye ween is best for us to take,
That for ourselves we may a living make.
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill,
Or shall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears?
Or shall we tie our selves for certain years
To any service, or to any place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.
Now, surely, Brother, (said the Fox anon)

Ye have this matter motioned in season;
For every thing that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end,
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man, we should our selves apply;
For why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond? sith then we are free-born,
Let us all servile base subjection scorn,
And as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger-mugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land;
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature,
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men:
That was the Golden Age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of Gold;
For *without gold now nothing will be got;*
Therefore (if please you) this shall be our plot;

neither sword nor dagger he did bear; 225
ıs that no foe's revengement he did fear:
tead of them a hansom bat he held,
which he leaned, as one far in eld:
.me light on him that through so false illusion
th turn the name of Souldiers to abusion, 220
ıd that which is the noblest mysterie,
ings to reproach and common infamie.
Long they thus travelled, yet never met
.dventure which might them a working set;
'et many ways they sought, and many try'd, 225
Yet for their purposes none fit espy'd.
At last they chaunc'd to meet upon the way,
A simple husband-man in garments gray,
Yet though his vesture were but mean and base, 23
A good yeoman he was, of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing
Gay without good is good heart's greatest loathing
The Fox him spying bade the Ape him dight,
To play his part, for lo he was in sight
That (if he err'd not) should them entertain.
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftsoons the Ape himself 'gan to uprear,
And on his shoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good service he were fit to do,
But little thrift for him he did it to;
And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
That like a handsom swain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached, that good ma
Seeing them wander loosely, first began

T'enquire, of custom, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in war have spent my dearest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good,
And now constrain'd that trade to over-give,
I driven am to seek some means to live;
Which might it you in pity please t'afford,
I would be ready both in deed and word,
To do you faithful service all my days.
This yron world (that same he weeping says)
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state;
For misery doth bravest minds abate,
And make them seek for that they wont to scorn,
Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.

The honest man, that heard him thus complain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain,
And, well dispos'd him some relief to show,
Askt if in husbandry he ought did know;
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sow,
To hedg, to ditch, to thresh, to thatch, to mow,
Or to what labour else he was prepar'd?
For husband's life is labourous and hard.

When-as the Ape him hear so much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking balk,
He would have slipt the coller handsomly,
And to him said, Good Sir! full glad am I
To take what pains may any living wight,
But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
To do their kindly services as needeth;
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,

So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to strong labour can it self enure;
But if that any other place you have,
Which asks small pains, but thriftyness to save,
Or care to overlook, or thrust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your own ghostly father.
With that the husband-man 'gan him avize,
That it for him was fittest exercise
Cattle to keep, or grounds to over-see,
And asked him if he could willing be
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?
Gladly (said he) whatever such like pain
Ye put on me, I will the same sustain;
But gladliest I of your fleecy sheep
(Might it you please) would take on me to keep;
For ere that unto arms I me betook,
Unto my father's sheep I us'd to look,
That yet the skill thereof I have not lost;
There-to right well this curdog, by my cost,
(Meaning the Fox) will serve my sheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether.
The husband-man was meanly well content
Tryal to make of his endeavourment,
And home him leading; lent to him the charge
Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
Giving account of the annual increase,
Both of their lambs and of their woolly fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swain,
And the false Fox his dog; God give them pain,

For ere the year have half his course out-run,
And do return from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill account of thrift.
Now when-as time flying with winges swift,
Expired had the term that these two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
Ne how to escape great punishment or shame
For their false treason and vile thievery;
For not a lamb of all their flock's supply
Had they to shew, but ever as they bred
They slew them, and upon their fleshes fed;
For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
And drew the wicked shepherd to his will;
So twixt them both they not a lamkin left,
And when lambs fail'd, the old sheep's lives they ref
That how t'acquit themselves unto their lord
They were in doubt, and flatly set abord.
The Fox then counsel'd th' Ape for to require
Respite till morrow t' answer his desire;
For time's delay new hope of help still breeds,
The good man granted, doubting nought their deed
And bade next day that all should ready be;
But they more subtil meaning had than he;
For the next morrow's meed they closely ment,
For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent;
And that same evening, when all shrouded were
In careless sleep, they without care or fear

fell upon their flock in fold,
them slew at pleasure what they wold;
ich when as they feasted had their fill,
full complement of all their ill,
stole away, and took their hasty flight,
ry'd in clouds of all-concealing night.
was the husband-man left to his loss,
d they unto their fortune's change to toss.
fter which sort they wandered long while,
busing many through their cloaked guile,
That at the last they 'gan to be descry'd
Of every one, and all their sleights espy'd,
So as their begging now them failed quite,
For none would give, but all men would them wite;
Yet would they take no pains to get their living,
But seek some other way to gain by giving;
Much like to begging, but much better named,
For many beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th' Ape a cassock side-long hanging down,
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other state abroad to range;
For since their souldier's pass no better sped,
They forg'd another, as for clerks book-red:
Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps which needs not here to
At length chanc'd with a formal priest to me
Whom they in civil manner first did greet,
And after askt an alms for God's dear love
The man straight-way his choler up did

And with reproachful terms 'gan them revile
For following that trade so base and vile,
And askt what licence or what pass they had?
Ah! (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad)
It's an hard case when men of good deserving
Must either driven be perforce to sterving,
Or asked for their pass by every squib
That list at will them to revile or snib;
And yet (God wote) small odds I often see
'Twixt them that ask and them that asked be.
Nath'less, because you shall not us misdeem,
But that we are as honest as we seem,
Ye shall our pasport at you pleasure see,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
Which when the priest beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else (God wote) could thereof skill,
For read he could not evidence nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one better:
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise divirsity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhor'd;
But this good Sir did follow the plain word,
Ne medled with their controversies vain;
All his care was his service well to fain,
And to read homelies on holy-days;
When that was done, he might attend his plays.

An easy life, and fit high God to
He, having over-lookt their pass a
'Gan at the length them to rebuke
That no good trade of life did ent
But lost their time in wandring l
Seeing the world, in which they b
Had ways enow for all therein to
Such grace did God unto his crea
Said then the Fox, Who hath th
From the right way full eath may
We are but novices new come abr
We have not yet the tract of any
Nor on us taken any state of life,
But ready are of any to make prie
Therefore might please you, whic
Us to devise, which forth but lately
Of some good course, that we mi
Ye shall for ever us your bondmen
The priest 'gan wex half proud
And thereby willing to afford them
It seems (said he) right well that y
Both by your witty words and by
Is not that name enough to make a
To him that hath a whit of Natur
How many honest men see ye arise
Daily thereby, and grow to goodl
To deans, to archdeacons, to comm
To lords, to principals, to prebend
All jolly prelates, worthy rule to
Who ever them envie; yet spite bi

Why should ye doubt then but that ye likewise
Might unto some of those in time arise?
In the mean time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that hate,
Being some honest curate, or some vicar,
Content with little in condition sicker. [g

Ah! but (said th' Ape) the charge is wond
To feed mens souls, and hath an heavy threat.
To feed mens souls (quoth he) is not in man,
For they must feed themselves, do what we can
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before;
Eat they that list, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life pour'd down from heavenly pl
Therefore, said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jews, "All shall be taught of God
That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raugh
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught;
He is the Shepherd, and the Priest is he;
We but his shepherd swains ordain'd to be:
Therefore herewith do not your self dismay;
Ne is the pains so great but bear ye may;
For not so great as it was wont of yore
It's now adays, ne half so straight and sore:
They whylom used duly every day
Their service and their holy things to say
At morn and even, besides their anthems sweet,
Their peny masses, and their complynes meet,
Their dirges, their trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts

Now all these needless works are laid away;
Now once a week, upon the Sabbath-day,
It is enough to do our small devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tyed to fast but when we list,
Ne to wear garments base, of wollen twist,
But with the finest silks us to aray,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Resembling Aaron's glory in his place;
For far unfit it is that persons base
Should with vile clothes approach God's majestie,
Whom no uncleanness may approachen nie;
Or that all men which any master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve;
But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts most high,
And that in highest place t' approach him nigh,
And all the people's prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserve to wear
A garment better than of wool or hair.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides:
We be not tyde to wilful chastity,
But have the gospel of free liberty.
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Fox was well enduc'd to be a parson,
And of the priest eftsoons 'gan to enquire
How to a benefice he might aspire?
Marry, there (said the priest) is art indeed;
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed;

For that the ground-work is and end of all,
How to obtain a beneficial.
First, therefore, when ye have in handsom wise
Your selves attired, as you can devise,
Then to some noble man your self apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion;
There must thou fashion eke a goodly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayr reveale,
For each thing fained ought more wary be;
There thou must walk in sober gravitie,
And seem as saint-like as Saint Radegund;
Fast much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do curtesie meek.
These looks (nought saying) do a benefice seek,
And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Then must thou thee dispose another way;
For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lye,
To face, to forge, to scoff to company,
To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great master's will, to scorn, to mock;
So maist thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishoprick;
And if one could, it were but a school-trick.
These be the ways by which without reward
Livings in courts be gotten, though full hard;

rough the country in disguise,
r off, where none might them surprise,
at long strayed here and there,
ery field and forest far and near,
ound occasion for their tourn,
starv'd, did much lament and mourn.
y chanc'd to meet upon the way
all deck'd in goodly rich array,
ls and bosses that full loudly rung,
tly trappings that to ground down hung:
they him saluted in meek wise,
hrough pride and fatness 'gan despise
eanness, scarce vouchsaf'd them to requite:
t the Fox, deep groling in his sprite,
h! Sir Mule, now blessed be the day
ee you so goodly and so gay
attires, and eke your silken hyde
ith round flesh, that every bone doth hide
nat in fruitful pastures ye do live,
une doth you secret favour give.
sh Fox (said the Mule) thy wretched ne
ne thing that doth thy sorrow breed,
I ween thou canst not but envy
lth, compar'd to thine own misery,
t so lean and meagre waxen late,
arce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.
ie! (said then the Fox) whom evil ha
ny in such wretchedness doth wrap,
kes the scorn of other beasts to be:
(fair Sir! of grace) from whence

what of tydings you abroad do hear?
News may perhaps some good unweeting bear.
From royal court I lately came (said he)
Where all the bravery that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found: he nothing can admire
That hath not seen that heaven's pourtracture;
But tydings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That courtiers, as the tide, do rise and fall.
But tell us (said the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in court doth bear the greatest sway?
That if such fortune do to us befall,
We may seek favour of the best of all.
Marry (said he) the highest now in grace
Be the wild beasts that swiftest are in chace,
For in their speedy course and nimble flight
The lion now doth take the most delight,
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchaste with chain and circulet of gold;
So wild a beast so tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his bands, is joy to see;
So well his golden circlet him beseemeth,
But his late chain his liege unmeet esteemeth,
For so brave beasts he loveth best to see
In the wild forest raunging fresh and free:
Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
In case thou ever there will hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thy self apply,
Else as a thistle-down in th' air doth fly.

But (said the Ape) how shall we fir
That after we may favour seek to win?
How else (said he) but with a good b
And with big words, and with a statel
That men may think of you in genera
That to be in you which is not at all;
For not by that which is the world no
(As it was wont) but by that same that s
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fash
Your selves thereto according to occasi
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye
So proudly neighing, from them parted
Then 'gan this crafty couple to devi
How for the court themselves they mig
For thither they themselves meant to
In hope to find their happier success:
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himself had cloathed like a gentleman
And the sly Fox, as like to be his groo
That to the court in speedy sort they co
Where the fond Ape himself uptearing
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,

As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce
Supports his credit and his countenaunce.
Then 'gan the courtiers gaze on every side,
And stare on him with big looks basen wide,
Wondring what mister wight he was, and whence
For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
Fashion'd with queint devises, never seen
In court before, yet there all fashions been;
Yet he them in newfangleness did pass:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla turchesca, much the more admir'd,
And his looks loftie, as if he aspir'd
To dignity, and 'sdeign'd the low degree,
That all which did such strangeness in him see,
By secret means 'gan of his state enquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire,
Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,
Reported unto all that he was sure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far
And seen the manners of all beasts on ground,
Now here arriv'd, to see if like he found.

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintain
With gallant show, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly complement;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and spri
And all that else pertains to revelling,

Only through kindly aptness of his joints
Besides, he could do many other points,
The which in court him served to good ste
For he 'mongst ladies could their fortunes
Out of their hands, and merry leasings tell
And juggle finely, that became him well;
But he so light was at leger-demain,
That what he touch'd came not to light ag
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly lo
And tell them that they greatly him misto
So would he scoff them out with mockery
For he therein had great felicity,
And with sharp quips joy'd others to defa
Thinking that their disgracing did him gr
So whilst that other like vain wits he pleas
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly ea
But the right gentle mind would bite his
To hear the javel so good men to nip;
For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to gybe and fl
At every thing which they hear spoken ill
And the best speeches with ill-meaning sp
Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteou
Regard of honour harbours more than ou
Doth loath such base condition, to backbi
Any's good name for envy or despite;
He stands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of court's inconstant mutability,
Ne after every tatling fable fly,

But hears and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best:
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained f
But walks upright with comely stedfast pace
And unto all doth yield due courtesie,
But not with kissed hand below the knee,
As that same apish crue is wont to do,
For he disdains himself t'embase there-to:
He hates foul leasings and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentery;
And loathful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle brest;
The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats he daily doth devise;
Now menaging the mouths of stubborn steeds,
Now practising the proof of warlike deeds; 7
Now his bright arms assaying, now his spear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear;
At other times he casts to sue the chace
Of swift wild beasts, or run on foot a race, 7
To enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms most nee
Or else by wrestling to wex strong and heedful; [fu
Or his stiff arms to stretch with eughen bow,
And many legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
Again ensample of the Persian pride, 7
So after he had won th' Assyrian foe,
Never after scorn on foot to go.
And when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil

Unto his rest, and there with sw
Of musick's skill revives his toil
Or else with loves and ladies ge
The joy of youth, himself he re
Or, lastly, when the body list t
His mind unto the Muses he wi
Sweet Lady Muses! ladies of d
Delights of life, and ornaments o
With whom he close confers wit
Of Nature's works, of heaven's
Of foreign lands, of people differ
Of kingdoms' change, of divers
Of dreadful battails of renowned
With which he kindleth his amb
To like desire and praise of nob
The only up-shot whereto he do
For all his mind on honour fixe
To which he levels all his purpo
And in his prince's service spend
Not so much for to gain, or for
Himself to high degree, as for hi
And in his liking to win worthy
Through due deserts and comely
In whatso please employ his pers
That may be matter meet to gain
For he is fit to use in all assays,
Whether for arms and warlike ar
Or else for wise and civil governa
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting mo

To learn the enterdeale of princes strange,
To mark th'intent of counsels, and the chang
Of states, and eke of private men some-while
Supplanted by fine falshood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which through wise speeches and grave confe
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightful courtier in his kind;
But unto such the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would discry his lewd conditions;
But the young lusty gallants he did chose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleasance and ill-pleasing vein.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftless games that may be fou
With mumming and with masking all around
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfi
With shuttlecocks, mis-seeming manly wit,
With courtizans and costly riotize,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize;
Ne them to pleasure, would he sometimes sco
A pandar's coat; (so basely was he born)
There-to he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But, ah! for shame,
Let not sweet poets praise, whose only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels' wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named.

Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon,
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humours fed
With fruitless follies and unsound delights;
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day:
And when-so love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
The sectaries thereof, as people base,
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mew'd,
Mutter'd of matters as their books them shew'd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd speach
Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
And mock divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression
But mock high God himself, whom they profess?
But what car'd he for God or godliness?

All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise;
Were it by honest ways or otherwise,
He made small choice; yet sure his honesty
Got him small gains, but shameless flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good ladies' gifts;
But the best help which chiefly him sustain'd,
Was his man Reynold's purchase which he gain'd;
For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practice ill
Of coosinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his master's bravery.
Besides, he us'd another slippery sleight,
In taking on himself in common sight
False personages, fit for every sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined;
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay master's hopeless det;
Now like a lawyer, when he land would let,
Or sell fee-simples in his master's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win;
Then would he seem a farmer, that would sell
Bargains of woods which he did lately fell,
Or corn, or cattle, or such other ware,
There-by to coosin men not well aware;

Then closely as he might he cast to leave
The court, not asking any pass or leave,
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever staid in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Fox his copesmate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy stound,
At last again with him in travel join'd,
And with him far'd, some better chance to find
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardness suffered,
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so far to seek for misery,
And leave the sweetness of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry fome.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'st through the forrest reckless they did go,
Lo, where they spide how in a gloomy glade
The lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His crown and scepter lying him beside,
And having doft for heat his dreadful hide;
Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afraid,
And would have fled, with terror all dismaid;
But him the Fox with hardy words did stay,
And bad him put all cowardize away,
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aim their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advaunce,
In case the good which their own happy chaunce
Them freely offred they would wisely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he

Yet as he could he askt how good might grow
Where nought but dread and death do seem in show?
Now (said he) whiles the lion sleepeth sound,
May we his crown and mace take from the ground,
And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may ourselves (if we think good)
Make kings of beasts, and lords of forrests all,
Subject unto that power imperial.
Ah! but (said th' Ape) who is so bold a wretch
That dare his hardy hand to those out-stretch,
When as he knows his meed, if he be spide,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?
Fond Ape (said then the Fox) into whose brest
Never crept thought of honour nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and raign in soveraign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in blissful happiness
I chuse before a life of wretchedness:
Be therefore councelled herein by me,
And shake off this vile-hearted cowardee.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this or that, that may excuse the crime;
Else we may fly; thou to a tree mayst clime,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.
The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
Now 'gan some courage unto him to take,

And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glory and rash covetise;
But first 'gan question whether should assay
Those royal ornaments to steal away.
Marry that shall your seif, (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beasts which in the forrests be,
Is not a fitter for his turn than ye;
Therefore, mine own dear Brother! take good h
And ever think a kingdom is your part.
Loth was the Ape (though praised) to adver
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that stirr'd him by,
And every stick that underneath did lie:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noise, and still his ear he lent
To every sound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now stept, now crept, now backwar
That it good sport had been him to have ey
Yet at the last (so well he him apply'd)
Through his fine handling and his cleanly
He all those royal signs had stoln away,
And with the Fox's help them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespide;
Whither whenas they came they fell at w
Whether of them should be the lord of lo
For th' Ape was strifeful and ambicious
And the Fox guileful, and most coveto
That neither pleased was to have the re
Twixt them divided into even twain,

r (algates) would be lords alone;
and lordship bide no paragone.
most worthy (said the Ape) sith I
d put my life in jeopardy;
o I am in person and in stature
e a man, the lord of every creature,
it seemeth I was made to raign,
n to be a kingly soveraign.
(said the Fox) Sir Ape, you are astray;
gh to steal the diadem away
e work of your nimble hand, yet I
t devise the plot by policy,
it wholly springeth from my wit,
ich also I claim my self more fit
you to rule; for government of state
ithout wisdom soon be ruinate;
here ye claim your self for outward shape
like a man, man is not like an Ape
chief parts, that is, in wit and spirit,
therein most like to him do merit,
sly wyles and subtil craftiness,
le of the kingdom to possess.
ess (my Brother) since we passed are
this point, we will appease our jar,
with reason meet will rest content,
ye shall have both crown and government,
condition that ye ruled be
airs, and councelled by me,
other ever draw
keep this as a law,

And hereupon an oath unto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And there-to swore; for who would not oft swear,
And oft unswear, a diadem to bear?
Then freely up those royal spoils he took,
Yet at the lion's skin he inly quook,
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The crown, and on his back the skin, he did,
And the false Fox he helped to array:
Then when he was all dight, he took his way
Into the forrest, that he might be seen
Of the wild beasts in his new glory sheen.
There the two first whom he encountred were
The sheep and th' ass, who, striken both with fear
At sight of him, 'gan fast away to fly;
But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
And in the king's name bade them both to stay,
Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'less were they restrained so,
Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
And there dissuaded them from needless fear,
For that the king did favour to them bear,
And therefore dreadless bade them come to court,
For no wild beasts should do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his majesty
Use them but well, with gracious clemency,
As whom he knew to him both fast and true;
So he persuaded them with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
gently to them bowing in his gate,

Received them with chearful entertain.
Thence, forth proceeding with his princely train,
He shortly met the tyger and the boar,
Which with the simple camel raged sore
In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshy corps to make invasion;
But soon as they this mock-king did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the lion was.
He then, to prove whether his power would pass
As current, sent the Fox to them straightway,
Commanding them their cause of strife bewray,
And if that wrong on either side there were,
That he should warn the wronger to appear
The morrow next at court it to defend,
In the mean time upon the king t'attend.
The subtile Fox so well his message said,
That the proud beasts him readily obey'd;
Whereby the Ape, in wondrous stomach wox,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox,
That king indeed himself he shortly thought,
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palace hie,
Where taking congee, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
Full of the feared sight which late they saw.
The Ape thus seized of the regal throne,
Eftsoons, by councel of the Fox alone,
'Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might longer have endurance

fed a strong guard, 1115
but with issue hard;
of his personage,
ge equippage
t in the forrest bred,
part by water fed; 1120
range aid supported.
onstrous beasts resorted,
s griffons, minotaures,
, beavers, and centaures:
he strengthned mightily, 1125
no force of enemy:
and tyrannize at will,
d guide his graceless skill,
s made vassals of his pleasures,
oils enlarg'd his private treasures,
, nor no rule of reason, 1131
or no regard of season,
ever enter in his mind;
aign of curish kind, 11
ride and wilful arrogaunce;
ose whom Fortune doth advaunce:
ox most kindly plaid his part,
r mother-wit or art
e put in proof; no practise sly,
nt of cunning policy,
breach, that might him profit bri
me did to his purpose wring.
ed he the Ape to give or graunt,
his hand alone must pass the fa

All offices, all leases, by him lept,
And of them all what-so he lik'd he kept.
Justice he sold, injustice for to buy,
And for to purchace for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was;
But so he got it little did he pass.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soil,
And with the sweet of others' sweating toil;
He crammed them with crums of benefices,
And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malefices;
He cloathed them with all colours, save white,
And loaded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken wer
He chaffred chairs in which churchmen were set,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let.
No statute so established might be,
Nor ordinance so needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kindom's corner-stone:
And ever when he ought would bring to pass,
His long experience the platform was;
And when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift and husbandry,
For to encrease the common treasure's store;
But his own treasure he encreased more,
And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky.

The whiles the prince's palaces fell fast
To ruin; (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilst the other peers for poverty
Were forc't their ancient houses to let lie,
And their old castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the kingdom's ornament,
And for their memories' long moniment.
But he no count made of nobility,
Nor the wild beasts whom arms did glorify,
The realm's chief strength, and girlond of the crown;
All these, through fained crimes, he thrust adown,
Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace,
For none but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but small regard,
But kept them low, and streightned very hard;
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
As for the rascal commons, least he cared,
For not so common was h s bounty shared;
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the many,
I for myself must care before else any.
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durst speak, nor none durst of him plain,
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain:
Ne would he any let to have access
Unto the prince but by his own address;
For all that else did come were sure to fail;
would he further none but for avail:

For on a time the sheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdom first did gain,
Came to the court, her case there to complain,
How that the wolf, her mortal enemy,
Had sithence slain her lamb most cruelly,
And therefore crav'd to come unto the king,
To let him know the order of the thing.
Soft, Goody Sheep, (then said the Fox) not so;
Unto the king so rash ye may not go;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a lamb, or the lamb's own mother's hed;
Ne certes may I take it well in part
That ye my cousin wolf so foully thwart,
And seek with slander his good name to blot;
For there was cause, else do it he would not:
Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence depart:
So went the sheep away with heavy heart;
So many moe, so every one was used,
That to give largely to the box refused.

Now when high Jove, in whose almighty hand
The care of kings and power of empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hie,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
What-so the heaven in his wide vault contains,
And all that in the deepest earth remains,
And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly sovereign did weld,
But an usurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
Had all subverst, he disdainfully it scorn'd.

1 his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunderbolts he had him slain,
And driven down to hell, his duest meed;
But him avising, he that dreadful deed
Forbore, and rather chose with scornful shame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
Unto the world, that never after any
Should of his race be void of infamy;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
From whence he never should be quit nor stall'd.
Forth-with he Mercury unto him call'd,
And bade him fly with never-resting speed
Unto the forrest, where wild beasts do breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learn
What did of late chance to the lion stearn,
That he rul'd not the empire as he ought?
And whence were all those plaints unto him brought,
Of wrongs and spoils by salvage beasts committed?
Which done, he bade the lion be remitted
Into his seat, and those same treachours vile
Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
The son of Maia, soon as he receiv'd
That word, straight with his azure wings he cleav
The liquid clouds and lucid firmament,
Ne staid till that he came with steep descent
Unto the place where his prescript did show;
There stouping, like an arrow from a bow,
He soft arrived on the grassie plain,
And fairly paced forth with easy pain,

at unto the palace nigh he came;
gan he to himself new shape to frame,
nat fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
i wonts to deck the gods' immortal crew,
eautifie the shiny firmament,
t, unfit for that rude rabblement.
ding by the gates in strange disguize,
in inquire of some, in secret wize,
f the king and of his government,
f the Fox, and his false blandishment;
vermore he heard each one complain
il abuses both in realm and raign;
i yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
in eye-witness of each thing to be:
on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
i maketh him invisible to sight,
nocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
ig them think it but a vision.
power of that he runs thro' enemies swerds;
igh power of that he passeth through the herds
enous wild beasts, and doth beguile
greedy mouths of the expected spoil;
igh power of that his cunning thieveries
nts to work, that none the same espies;
hrough the power of that he putteth on
shape he list in apparition.
on his head he wore, and in his hand
ok Caduceus, his snaky wand,
which the damned ghosts he governeth,
uries rules, and Tartare tempereth;

With that he causeth sleep to seize the
And fear the hearts of all his enemies;
And when him list, an universal night
Throughout the world he makes on ev
As when his sire with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the court he took his w
Both through the gard, which never hi
And through the watchmen, who him
Thence forth he past into each secret pa
Whereas he saw (that sorely griev'd h
Each place abounding with foul injuri
And fill'd with treasure rack'd with ro
Each place defil'd with blood of guiltl
Which had been slain to serve the Ape'
Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawlesness raigning with riotize;
Besides the infinite extortions
Done through the Fox's great oppressi
That the complaints thereof could not b
Which when he did with loathful eyes b
He would no more endure, but came hi
And cast to seek the lion where he may,
That he might work th' avengement fo
On those two caitives which had bred h
And seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found where sleeping he did
The wicked weed, which there the Fox
From underneath his head he took away
And then him waking, forced up to rise,
The lion, looking up, 'gan him avize,

As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him, for fantasie is strong.
Arise, (said Mercury) thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseless, like the corpse deceast,
The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with dishonour blent;
Arise, and do thy self redeem from shame,
And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame.
There-at enraged, soon he 'gan up-start,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing up himself, for his rough hide
He 'gan to reach, but no where it espide:
There-with he 'gan full terrible to roar,
And chauft at that indignity right sore;
But when his crown and scepter both he wanted,
Lord how he fum'd, and swell'd, and rag'd, and panted,
And threatned death, and thousand deadly dolours,
To them that had purloin'd his princely honours!
With that in haste, disrobed as he was,
He towards his own palace forth did pass,
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forrest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon,
And many warders round about them stood:
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
That all the palace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,

And all within were dead and heartless left;
And th' Ape himself, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner sought,
To hide himself from his own feared thought:
But the false Fox, when he the lion heard,
Fled closely forth, straightway of death afear'd,
And to the lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watry eyn half weeping,
T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Ape's confusion:
Nath'less th' royal beast forbore believing,
But bade him stay at ease till further prieving.
Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
Roaring yet louder, that all hearts it daunted,
Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
And rending them in pieces, felly slew
Those warders strange, and all that else he met,
But th' Ape still flying, he no where might get;
From room to room, from to beam to beam he fled,
All breathless, and for fear now almost ded:
Yet him at last the lion spide, and caught,
And forth with shame unto his judgment brought.
Then all the beasts he caus'd assembled be,
To hear their doom, and sad ensample see.
The Fox, first author of that treachery,
He did uncase, and then away let fly;
But th' Ape's long tail (which then he had) he quite
Cut off, and both ears pared of their height;
Since which all apes but half their ears have left,
And of their tails are utterly bereft."

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end,
Which pardon me if I amiss have pen'd;
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSAL VERSE,

IN honour of the double marriage of the two honourable and vertuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Lady Catherine Somerset, daughters to the right honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, Henry Gilford and William Peter, Esquires.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did allay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair,
When I, whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' courts, and expectations vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames,
Whose rushy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meeds adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowres,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untide,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on hie.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue,
The little dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin lillie, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegroom's posies
Against the bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which does the top of Pindus strew,
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
For Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,

That even the gentle stream, the which th
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows
To wet their silken feathers, least they m
Soyl their fair plumes with water not so f
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal-day, which was not
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my s

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flower
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floting on the crystal flood
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed
Their wondring eyes to fill;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fa
Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deer
Them heavenly born, or to be that same p
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's-heat, they
In sweetest season, when each flower and
The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their bridal-day, which was not lo
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my so

Then forth they all out of their baskets dr
Great store of flowers, the honour of the fi

That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they streem,
That they appear, through lillies' plentious store,
Like a bride's chamber-floore. [bound
Two of those nymphs, mean-while, two garlands
Of freshest flowers which in that meed they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithall they crown'd,
Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepar'd against that day,
Against that bridal-day, which was not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

"Ye gentle Birds! the world's fair ornament,
"And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
"Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
"Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
"Of your love's complement;
"And let fair Venus, that is Queen of Love,
"With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
"Whose smile, they say, hath Vertue to remove
"All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
"For ever to assoil.
"Let endless peace your stedfast hearts accord,
"And blessed plenty wait upon your bord;
"And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
"*That fruitful issue* may to you afford,

" Which may your foes confound,
" And make your joys redound
" Upon your bridal-day, which is not l
" Sweet Thames! run softly till I end

So ended she, and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal-day should not
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour g
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass alo
Adown the Lee, that to them murmur'
As he would speak, but that he lackt a
Yet did by signs his glad affection shov
Making his stream run slow,
And all the fowl which in his flood did
'Gan flock about these twain, that did
The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they enranged w
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding-day, which wa
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my

At length they all to merry London ca
To merry London, my most kindly nu
That to me gave this life's first native
Though from another place I take my
An house of antient fame:
There when they came, whereas those l
The which on Thames' brode aged ba
Where now the studious lawyers hav

There whilome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case;
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late thro' all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two Pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of honour, flower of chevalry!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same;
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal-day, which is not long;
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two ge tle knights of lovely face and
Beseeming well the bowre of any quee
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of n
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the Twins of Jove they seem
Which deck the bauldrick of the heave
They two forth passing to the river's-s
Receiv'd those two fair brides, their lo
Which at th' appointed tide
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal-day, which is not
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end m

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters! which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That ev'n the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck, did raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenour turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment;
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto my self alone will sing,
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spred,
Having disperst the night's unchearful damp,
Do ye awake, and with fresh lustihed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove,
Bid her awake, for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a fla

And many a batchelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim;
Bid her awake, therefore, and soon her dight,
For loe, the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the pains and sorrows past
Pay to her usury of long delight;
And whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear,
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseen;
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lillies and of roses,
Bound true-love wise with a blue silk riband;
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridal bowers;
And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured meed:
Which done, do at her chamber-door await,
For she will waken strait;
The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

"Ye Nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
And ye likewise, which keep the rushie lake,
Where none do fishes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters, which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke, ye lightfoot Maids! which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain use to towre,
And the wild wolves which seek them to devour,
Which your steel darts do chace from coming near,
Be also present here
To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

"Wake now, my Love! awake, for it is time;
The rosie Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to clime,
And Phœbus 'gins to shew his glorious head.
Hark! how the chearful birds do chaunt their layes,
And carrol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her mattins sings aloft,
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear Love! why do ye sleep thus
When meeter were that ye should now awa
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned son
The dewie leaves among?
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their ec

" My love is now awake out of her dream
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed w
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodl
More bright than Hesperus his head doth r
Come now, ye Damsels! daughters of Del
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair Houres! which wer
In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night,
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair
Do make and still repair:
And ye three Handmaids of the Cyprian qu
The which do still adorn her beauty's prid
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride,
And as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and y

" Now is my love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh Boys, that tend upon her
your selves, for he is coming s

Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day,
The joyfulst day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sun-shiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the rest be thine:
Then I thy soveraign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their eccho ring.

" Hark! how the minstrils 'gin to shrill aloud
Their merry musick that resounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar:
But most of all the damzels do delite
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite;
The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
Crying aloud, with strong confused noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, Iö Hymen! Hymen they do shout,
That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;

To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And ever more they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

" Loe, where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best:
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been:
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres atween,
Do like a golden mantel her attire,
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

" Tell me, ye merchants' daughters! did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before,
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and vertue's store?

Her goodly eyes like saphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries, charming men to bite,
Her brest like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair
To Honour's seat, and Chastity's sweet bowre.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins! in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze;
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring.

"But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonish'd like to those which red
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Vertue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach, to tempt her mind to ill.

Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your

" Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th' Almighty's view;
Of her, ye Virgins! learn obedience,
Whenso ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces,
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their eccho

" Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks!

nd the pure snow, with goodly vermil stain,
ike crimsin dy'd in grain,
'hat even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
'orget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare:
But her sad eyes, still fastned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

"Now all is done; bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory;
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full;
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,

And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vin
And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
For they can do it best;
The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and their ecc

" Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the tow
And leave your wonted labours for this day
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may:
This day the sun is in his chiefest hight,
With Barnaby the bright;
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he see
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the year,
And shortest night, when longest fitter wer
Yet never day so long but late would pass.
Ring ye the bells to make it wear away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them si
That all the woods may answer, and your ecc

" Ah! when will this long weary day have
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How slowly do the hours their numbers spe
How slowly doth sad Time his feathers mo
Haste thee, O fairest Planet! unto thy home,
Within the western foame;

yred steeds long since have need of rest.
tho it be, at last I see it gloom,
he bright evening-star, with golden crest,
ır out of the east.
hild of beauty, glorious lamp of love,
all the host of heaven in ranks doost lead,
uidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
:hearfully thou lookest from above,
seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
/ing in the sight
ese glad many, which for joy do sing,
ıll the woods them answer, and their eccho ring."

cease, ye Damsels! your delights forepast,
gh it is that all the day was yours;
day is done, and night is nighing fast,
bring the bride into the bridal bowres;
night is come, now soon her disarray,
n her bed her lay;
er in lillies and in violets,
silken curtains over her display,
olour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
d how goodly my fair love does lie,
ınd humility;
unto Maia, whenas Jove her took
·mpe, lying on the flowrie grass,
ct sleep and wake, after she weary was
bathing in the Acidalian brook:
it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
:ave my love alone,

And leave likewise your former lay to sing; [ring.
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho

Now welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long days labour doth at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Hast summ'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
That no man may us see,
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril, and foul horror free;
Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calm and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad affray,
Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom;
Or like as when he with thy self did lie,
And begot Majesty;
And let the maids and young men cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cries nor do leful tears
Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt:
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;

Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpless harms,
Ne let the ponk, nor other evil sprights,
Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the skriech-owl nor the stork be heard,
Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells,
Nor damned ghosts, call'd up with mighty spells,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still croking
Make us to wish their choking;
Let none of these their drery accents sing,
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring,

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread,
To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night.
Ye Sons of Venus! play your sports at will,
For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paridise of joyes
Than what ye do, all be it good or ill.

All night, therefore, attend your merry play,
For it will soon be day:
Now none doth hinder you that say or sing,
Ne will the woods now answer, nor you ecchoring.

Who is the same which at my window peeps?
Or whose is that fair face which shines so bright?
Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O! fairest Goddess! do thou not envy
My love with me to spy;
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought:
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And sith of womens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly doost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,
And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed;
Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answer, nor our ecchoring.

And thou, great Juno! which with aweful might
The laws of wedlock still doost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight,
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart,

lly-bind thou this lovely band,
ll thy blessing unto us impart.
ou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
idale bowre and genial bed remain,
at blemish or stain,
ie sweet pleasures of their love's delight
ecret aid doest succour and supply,
ey bring forth the fruitful progeny,
s the timely fruit of this same night.
ou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen! free,
that it so may be.
hich we cease your further praise to sing,
woods shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

e, high Heavens! the temple of the gods,
ch a thousand torches flaming bright
rn, that to us wretched earthly clods
adful darkness lend desired light;
ll ye Powers which in the same remain,
than we men can feign,
ut your blessing on us plenteously,
appy influence upon us rain,
we may rise a large posterity,
n from the earth, which they may long possess
lasting happiness,
your haughty palaces may mount,
or the guerdon of their glorious merit
heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
ssed saints for to increase the count.
us rest, sweet Love! in hope of this

And cease till then our timely joys to sing, 4
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho rin

SONG made in lieu of many ornaments
With which my love should duly have been dec
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
But promis'd both to recompence,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.

In youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey;
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He took wing and away did fly.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chanc'd to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head;
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of her's did close convey
Into the other's stead:
With that Love wounded my love's heart,
But Diane beasts with Cupid's dart.

I saw in secret to my dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her, All hail, my Mother;
But when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
Then never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

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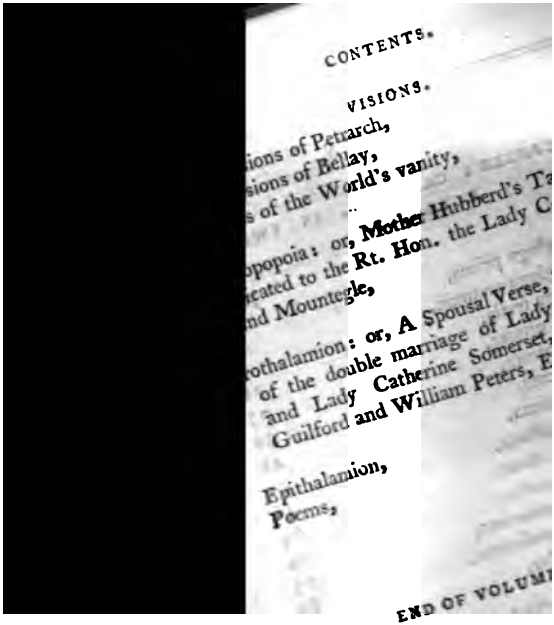
THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR,
ÆGLOGUES.

January. Ægloga prima,
February. Ægloga secunda,
March. Ægloga tertia,
April. Ægloga quarta,
May. Ægloga quinta,
June. Ægloga sexta,
July. Ægloga septima,
August. Ægloga octava,
September. Ægloga nona.
October. Ægloga decima,
November. Ægloga undecima,
December. Ægloga duodecima,
Epilogue to the Calendar,

HYMNS.

Dedication to the Lady Margaret,
Cumberland; and the Lady Mar
of Warwick,
An Hymn in honour of Love,
An Hymn in honour of Beauty,
An Hymn of heavenly Love,
An Hymn of heavenly Beauty,



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sions of Bellay,
s of the World's vanity,

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nd Mountegle,

othalamion: or, A Spousal Verse,
of the double marriage of Lady
and Lady Catherine Somerset,
Guilford and William Peters, E

Epithalamion,
Poems,

END OF VOLUM

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. VIII.

CONTAINING HIS

SONNETS,
ELEGIAC POEMS,
TEARS OF THE MUSES,
RUINS OF ROME,
RUINS OF TIME,
MUIOPOTMOS,

&c. &c. &c.

Ah! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays,
Or whether singing in some lofty vein
Heroick deeds of past or present days,
Or whether in thy lovely mistress' praise
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill,
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill!

VERSES TO T

LONDON:
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THE PRINCE OF WALES.
1788.

AMORETTI:

OR, SONNETS.

G. W. SEN. TO THE AUTHOR.

DARK is the day when Phœbus' face is shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soon astray,
But when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steddy steps they keep the perfect way;
So while this Muse in foreign land doth stay,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside,
The time, like night, depriv'd of cheerful day,
And few do write, but, ah! too soon may slide.
Then hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' antient pride,
That do for poesie challenge chiefest name:
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned Works shall read.

G. W. JUN. TO THE AUTHOR.

Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
ıg to shepherds thy sweet roundelays,
ıhether singing in some lofty vein
ɔic deeds of past or present days,
whether in thy lovely mistress' praise
ɔu list to exercise thy learned quill,
y Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
ith rare invention, beautified by skill,
s who therein can ever joy their fill!
therefore let that happy Muse proceed
'o clime the height of Vertue's sacred hill!
Where endless honour shall be made thy meed;
Because no malice of succeeding days
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

HAPPY, ye Leaves! whenas those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in Love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy Lines! on which with starry light
Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding book.
And happy Rimes! bath'd in the sacred brook
Of Helicon, whence she derived is,
When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss,
Leaves, Lines, and Rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought, whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love pined-heart,
And sithence have with sighs and sorrow fed,
Till greater than my womb thou woxen art,
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to vipers' brood,
And seek some succour, both to ease my smart,
And also to sustain thy self with food:
But if in presence of that fairest proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet,
And with meek humbless and afflicted mood
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, entreat:
Which if she grant, then live, and my love cherish;
If not, die soon, and I with thee will perish.

SONNET VII.

FAIR eyes, the mirrour of my mazed heart,
What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
Then is my soul with life and love inspir'd;
But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
But since that life is more than death desir'd,
Look ever lovely, as becomes you best;
That your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honour of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire
Kindled above, unto the Maker near;
No eyes but joys, in which all powers conspire,
That to the world nought else be counted dear:
Through your bright beamsdoth not the blindedguest
Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound?
But angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within;
You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak;
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world where your light shined never;
Well is he born that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

Long-while I sought to what I might compare
Those powreful eyes which lighten my dark spright,
Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
Resemble th' image of the goodly light.
Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
Nor to the moon, for they are changed never;
Nor to the stars, for they have purer sight;
Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever;
Nor to the lightning, for they still preserver;
Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender;
Nor unto chrystal, for nought may them sever;
Nor unto glass, such baseness mought offend her:
Then to the Maker self they likest be,
Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

SONNET X.

Unrighteous lord of Love! what law is this,
That me thou makest thus tormented be,
The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
Of her free-will scorning both thee and me?
See how the tyranness doth joy to see
The huge massacres which her eyes do make,
And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance take.
But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
And that high look, with which she doth control
All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
And all her faults in thy black book enrol,
That I may laugh at her in equal sort
As she doth laugh at me, and make my pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do seek and sue for peace,
And hostages do offer for my truth,
She, cruel warriour, doth her self address
To battel, and the weary war renew'th;
Ne will be mov'd with reason or with ruth
To grant small respit to my restless toil,
But greedily her fell intent persu'th,
Of my poor life, to make unpitied spoil.
Yet my poor life, all sorrows to assoil,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie,
But then she seeks, with torment and turmoil,
To force me live, and will not let me die.
All pain hath end, and every war hath peace;
But mine no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONE day I sought with heart-thrilling eyes
To make a truce, and terms to entertain,
All fearless then of so false enemies,
Which sought me to entrap in treason's train:
So as I then disarmed did remain,
A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guileful eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forc'd to yield my self into their hands,
Who me captiving, straight with rigorous wrong
Have ever since kept me in cruel bands:
So, Lady, now to you I do complain
Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

In that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
And to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
Most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humblesse, mixt with awful majesty;
For looking on the earth, whence she was born,
Her mind remembreth her mortality;
What-so is fairest shall to earth return.
But that some lofty countenance seems to scorn
Base thing, and think how she to heaven may clime,
Treading down earth as loathsome and forlorn,
That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime;
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me,
Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

Return again, my forces, late dismaid,
Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite;
Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
So fair a piece for one repulse so light.
'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
Than those small forces ye were wont belay;
Such haughty minds, enur'd to hardy fight,
Disdain to yield unto the first assay.
Bring, therefore, all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battry to her heart;
Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
Those engins can the proudest love convert;
And if those fail, fall down and die before her,
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

Ye tradeful Merchants! that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,
What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
For, lo! my love doth in her self contain
All this world's riches that may far be found;
If saphyrs, lo! her eyes be saphyrs plain;
If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;
If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind, adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

One day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light,
The whiles my stonish'd heart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her look's delight,
I mote perceive how in her glancing sight
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows fiery bright
At every rash beholder passing by:
One of those archers closely I did spy
Aiming his arrow at my very heart,
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damsel broke his misintended dart:
Had she not so done sure I had been slain,
Yet as it was I hardly scap'd with pain.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious pourtract of that angel's face,
Made to amaze weak mens confused skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embrace,
What pen, what pensil, can express her fill?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
Lest trembling it his workmanship should spill,
Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
The charming smiles that rob sense from the heart;
The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
Cannot expressed be by any art:
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth need,
That can express the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheel, that runneth often round,
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear,
And long intreaty, soften her hard heart,
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart:
But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
And when I weep, she says tears are but water;
And when I sigh, she says I know the art;
And when I wail, she turns her self to laughter:
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of spring
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already soun
That warns all lovers wait upon their king
Who now is coming forth with girland cr
With noise whereof the quire of birds res
Their anthems sweet, devized of love's pra
That all the woods their ecchoes back reb
As if they knew the meaning of their lays
But 'mongst them all, which did Love's hon
No word was heard of her that most it ou
But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought;
Therefore, O Love! unless she turn to the
E'er cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humble heart before her pour,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth pl
And tread my life down in the lowly flour
And yet the lion, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devour
The silly lamb that to his might doth yield
But she, more cruel and more salvage wild
Than either lion or the lioness,
Shames not to be with guiltless blood defil'
But taketh glory in her cruelness.
Fairer than fairest, let none ever say
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

WAS it the work of Nature or of Art,
Which tempred so the features of her face,
That pride and meekness, mixt by equal part,
Do both appear t'adorn her beauty's grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displac
She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure,
And with stern countenance back again doth cha
Their looser looks, that stir up lusts impure.
With such strange trains her eyes she doth inure,
That with one look she doth my life dismay,
And with another doth it straight recure:
Her smile me drawes, her frown me drives away.
Thus doth she train and teach me with her looks;
Such art of eyes I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
Men to devotion ought to be inclin'd,
Therefore I likewise on so holy day,
For my sweet saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
In which her glorious image placed is,
On which my thoughts do day and night attend,
Like sacred priests, that never think amiss;
There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
Will build an altar to appease her ire,
And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire;
The which vouchsafe, O Goddess! to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulysses' sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceive,
In which the work that she all day did make,
The same at night she did again unreave:
Such subtil craft my damsel doth conceive,
Th' importunate suit of my desire to shun,
For all that I in many days do weave,
In one short hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I must begin and never bring to end;
Forth with one look she spills that long I spun,
And with one word my whole year's work doth rend.
Such labour like the spider's web I find,
Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

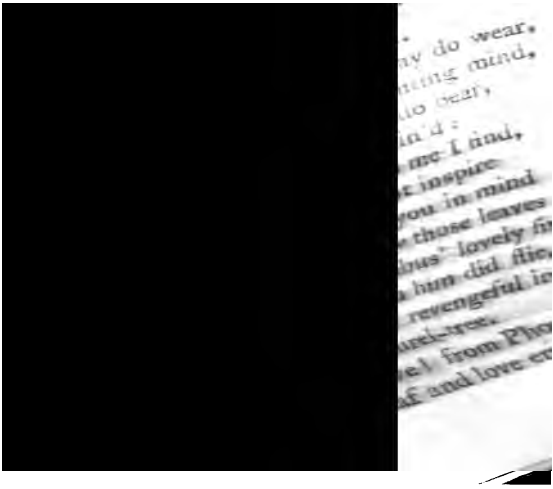
WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Nature's skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the Maker's art;
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart
Which her fair eyes unwares do work in me,
That death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
Into this sinful world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should be
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of its own misery,
But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'Twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully?
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride,
Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
To prove your pow'r, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your harden'd breast ye hide
A close intent at last to show me grace,
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As means of bliss I gladly will embrace,
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every sweet with sour is tempred still.
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things, that may be got at will,
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?



SONNET XXIX.

See how the stubborn damsel doth de
My simple meaning with disdainful sc
And by the bay which I unto her gave,
Accounts my self her captive quite, for
The bay, quoth she, is of the victor bo
Yielded them by the vanquisht as their
And they therewith do poets' heads ad
To sing the glory of their famous deed
But sith she will the conquest challeng
Let her accept me as her faithful thrall
That her great triumph, which my skil
I may in trump of Fame blaze over all
Then would I deck her head with glor
And fill the world with her victorious

SONNET XXX.

My love is like to ice, and I to fire;
How comes it, then, that this her cold
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot de
But harder grows the more I her intrea
Or how comes it that my exceeding hea
Is not delaid by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling
And feel my flames augmented manifol
What more miraculous thing may be
That fire, which all things melts, shou
And ice which is congeal'd with sense
Should kindle fire by wonderful devic
Such is the power of love in gentle mi
That it can alter all the course of kin

SONNET XXXI.

Ah! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
Whose pride depraves each other better part,
And all those precious ornaments deface?
Sith to all other beasts of bloody race
A dreadful countenance she given hath,
That with their terrour all the rest may chace,
And warn to shun the danger of their wrath:
But my proud one doth work the greater scath
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hue,
That she the better may in bloody bath
Of such poor thrall her cruel hands embrew;
But did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soon abhorr'd.

SONNET XXXII.

The painful smith, with force of fervent heat,
The hardest iron soon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply;
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry
Her heart, more hard than iron, soft awhit,
Ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
Do beat on th' anvile of her stubborn wit;
But still the more she fervent sees my fit,
The more she friezeth in her wilful pride,
And harder grows the harder she is smit,
With all the plaints which to her be applide:
What then remains but I to ashes burn,
And she to stones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
To that most sacred empress, my dear dread,
Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
That mote enlarge her living praises dead.
But, Lodwick, this of grace to me aread;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it as the rest, but rudely writ?
How then should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil?
Sith that this one is tost with troubleous fit
Of a proud love that doth my spirit spoil.
Cease then till she vouchsafe to grant me rest,
Or lend you me another living breast.

SONNET XXXIV.

LIKE as a ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
When as a storm hath dim'd her trusty guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray;
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with clouds is over-cast,
Do wander now in darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plac'd;
Yet hope I will that when this storm is past
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last
With lovely light, to clear my cloudy grief:
Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves suffice,
But having pine, and having not complain:
For lacking it they cannot life sustain,
And having it they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starv'd; so plenty makes me poo
Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they brook,
But loath the things which they did like before,
And can no more endure on them to look,
All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving she.

SONNET XXXVI.

Tell me, when shall these weary woes have en
Or shall their ruthless torment never cease;
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of asswagement or release.
Is there no means for me to purchase peace?
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes,
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my miseries.
But when ye have shew'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
By slaying him, whose life though ye despise,
Mote have your life in honour long maintain'd;
But by his death, which some perhaps will mon
Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses
She doth attire under a net of gold,
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold or hair may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare,
And being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed, therefore, mine Eyes! how ye do stare
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempest's cruel wrack
He forth was throne into the greedy seas,
Through the sweet music which his harp did make,
Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease;
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some dainty ears, cannot with any skill
The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
But in her pride she doth persevere still,
All careless how my life for her decays,
Yet with one word she can it save or spill;
To spill were pity, but to save were praise.
Chuse rather to be prais'd for doing good,
Than to be blam'd for spilling guiltless blood.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speak?
And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall;
And if I silent be my heart will break,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie,
That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die?
Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead,
And eke mine eyes with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read, [spell,
Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can
Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renowned noble peers of Greece,
Through stubborn pride among themselves did jar,
Forgetful of the famous Golden Fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar:
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
The which my self against my self do make,
Whilst my weak powers of passions warreid are,
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake:
But when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foes despight,
And grief renew, and passions do awake
To battail, fresh against my self to fight;
'Mongst whom the more I seek to settle ;
The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glass of crystal clean
Your goodly self for ever more to view,
And in my self, my inward self I mean,
Most lively like behold your semblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to view of earthly eye,
The fair idea of your celestial hue,
And every part, remains immortally;
And were it not that through your cruelty,
With sorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
The goodly image of your visnomy,
Clearer than crystal would therein appear;
But if your self in me ye plain will see, [be.
Remove the cause by which your fair beams darkned

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abode's prefixed time is spent,
My cruel fair straight bids me wend away;
But then from heaven most hideous storms are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.
Whom then shall I, or heaven or her obey?
The heavens know best what is the best for me;
But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
My lower heaven, so it perforce must be:
But ye, high Heavens, that all this sorrow see,
Sith all your tempests cannot me hold back,
Asswage your storms, or else both you and she
Will both together me too sorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to sustain
The storms which she alone on me doth rain.

NETS.

ET XLVII.

on of those smiling Looks,
guileful trains well tride,
ut unto golden hooks,
ish fish their bates do hide;
ing smiles, weak hearts doth guide
d tempt to their decay,
ught, she kills with cruel pride,
leasure on the wretched prey;
t her bloody hands them slay,
lovely, and upon them smile,
ke pleasure in their cruel play,
do themselves of pain beguile.
harm, which makes men love their bane,
they die with pleasure, live with pain!

SONNET XLVIII.

NT Paper! whom too cruel hand
ke the matter to avenge her ire,
e she could thy cause well understand,
crifice unto the greedy fire;
worthy thou to have found better hire
o so bad end, for hereticks ordain'd;
heresie nor treason didst conspire,
t plead thy master's cause, unjustly pain'd;
hom she, all careless of his grief, constrain'd
o utter forth the anguish of his heart,
And would not hear, when he to her complain'd
The piteous passion of his dying smart;
et live for ever, though against her will,
nd speak her good, though she requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

A Cruel! why are ye so fierce and cruel?
because your eyes have power to kill?
n know, that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
l greater glory think to save than spill,
: if it be your pleasure and proud will
shew the power of your imperious eyes,
ıen not on him that never thought you ill,
ıt bend your force against your enemies:
et them feel th' utmost of your cruelties,
ınd kill with looks, as cockatrices do;
ıut him that at your footstool humbled lies
With merciful regard, give mercy to:
Such mercy shall you make admir'd to be;
So shall you live by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double malady
Of my heart's wound and of my body's grief,
There came to me a leach that would apply
Fit med'cines for my body's best relief:
Vain Man! quoth I, that hast but little prief
In deep discovery of the mind's disease,
Is not the heart of all the body chief,
And rules the members as it self doth please?
Then with some cordials seek for to appease
The inward langour of my wounded heart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease:
But such sweet cordials pass physicians' art.
Then my life's leach, do you your skill reveal,
And with one salve both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

Do I not see the fairest images
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many age
Ne let their famous monimets to fade?
Why then do I, untrain'd in lover's trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more comm
Sith never ought was excellent assaid,
Which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend
Mote soften it, and to his will allure;
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more stedfast will endure:
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

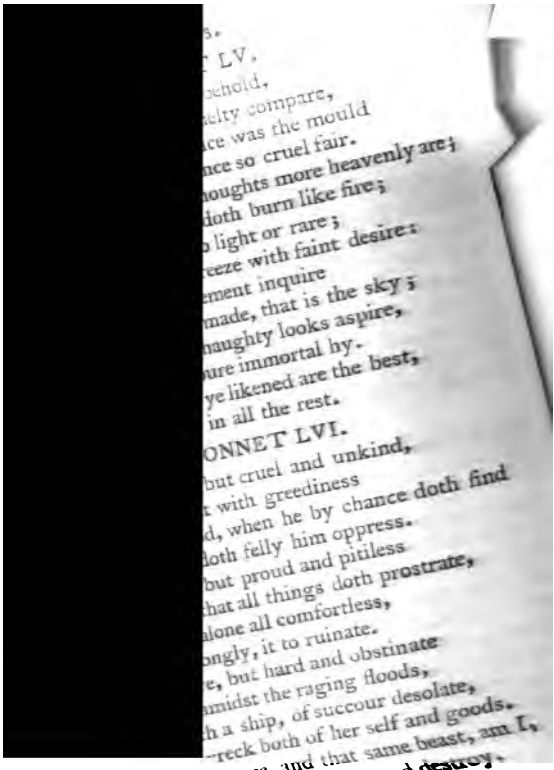
So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
Dispoil'd of warlike arms and knowen shield:
So do I now my self a prisoner yield
To sorrow and to solitary pain,
From presence of my dearest dear exil'd,
Long-while alone in langour to remain.
Then let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
Dare to approach, that may my solace breed,
But suddain dumps, and drery sad disdain
Of all world's gladness more my torment feed
So I her absence will my penance make,
That of my presence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hide
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray,
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilst he on them may prey:
Right so my cruel fair with me doth play,
For with the goodly semblance of her hue
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the world's most ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to embrew;
Good shames to be to ill an instrument;
But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
As in their Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

OF this world's theater, in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idle sits,
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Disguising diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy, when glad occasion fits,
And mask in mirth like to a comedy;
Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a tragedy:
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart;
But when I laugh, she mocks; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart:
What then can move her? if not mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a senseless stone.



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T LV.

behold,
delty compare,
ace was the mould
nce so cruel fair.
houghts more heavenly are;
doth burn like fire;
o light or rare;
eeze with faint desire:
ement inquire
made, that is the sky;
naughty looks aspire,
ure immortal hy-
ye likened are the best,
in all the rest.

ONNET LVI.

but cruel and unkind,
t with greediness
d, when he by chance doth find
doth felly him oppress.
but proud and pitiless
hat all things doth prostrate,
alone all comfortless,
ongly, it to ruinate.
e, but hard and obstinate
midst the raging floods,
h a ship, of succour desolate,
-reck both of her self and goods.
at tree, and that same beast, am I,
do ruin, and destroy.

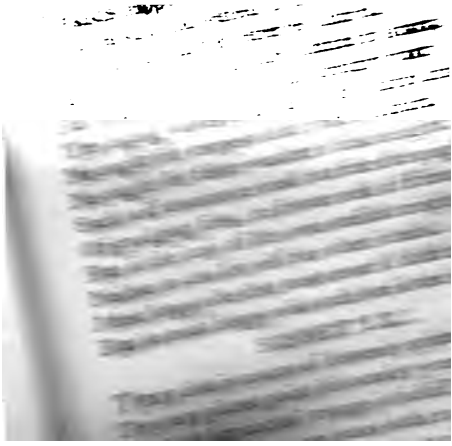
SONNET LVII.

SWEET Warriour! when shall I have peace with you?
High time it is this war now ended were,
Which I no longer can endure to sue,
Ne your incessant battry more to bear:
So weak my powers, so sore my wounds appear,
That wonder is how I should live a jot,
Seeing my heart through-launced every where
With thousand arrows which your eyes have shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
But glory think to make these cruel stoures.
Ye cruel One! what glory can be got
In slaying him that would live gladly your's?
Make peace, therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

To her that is most assured to her self.

WEAK is th' assurance that weak flesh reposeth
In her own powre, and scorneth others' aid;
That soonest falls, when as she most supposeth
Her self assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All flesh is frail, and all her strength unstaid,
Like a vain bubble blowen up with air;
Devouring Time and changeful Chance have prey'd
Her glorious pride, that none may it repair.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
But faileth, trusting on his own assurance;
And he that standeth on the highest stair
Falls lowest; for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye, proud Fair! misdeem so fair,
That to your self ye most assured are?



SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Maker's beau
My soveraign Saint! the idol of my thou
Dare not henceforth, above the bounds o
T'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ou
For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
And of the brood of angels heav'nly born
And with the crew of blessed saints upbr
Each of which did her with her gifts ad
The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn
The beam of light, whom mortal eyes ad
What reason is it then but she should sc
Base things, that to her love too bold as
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worsh
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean deg

SONNET LXII.

THE weary Year his race now having r
The new begins his compast course ane
With shew of morning mild he hath beg
Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
So let us, which this change of weather v
Change eke our minds, and former lives
The old year's sins forepast, let us esch
And fly the faults with which we did o
Then shall the new-year's joy forth fres
Into the glooming world his gladsom ra
And all these storms which now his be
Shall turn to calms, and timely clear av
So likewise, Love! chear you your hea
And change old year's annoy to new

SONNET LXIII.

After long storms and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore,
I do at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with st
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he that can at last atchieve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest,
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.
All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to deck their lovers' bowres.
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded bellamoures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her brest like lillies ere their leaves be shed,
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessamines·
Such fragrant flowres do give most odorous
But her sweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair love! is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true Love doth tye,
Without constraint or dread of any ill;
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good-will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound;
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye have
With plenteous hand by Heaven upon you thrown,
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so mean a one:
Ye whose high words, surpassing paragon,
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate
Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer;
For now your light doth more it self dilate,
And in my darkness greater doth appear:
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex your's shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their prey;
So after long pursute and vain assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsook,
The gentle deer return'd the self same-way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook;
There she beholding me with milder look,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,
Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
And with her own good-will her firmly tide:
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild
So goodly wone, with her own will beguil'd.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of life that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over Death and Sin,
And having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive, us to win;
This joyous day, dear Lord! with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
Being with thy dear blood clean wash'd from sin,
May live for ever in felicity;
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again;
And for thy sake, that all-like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love! like as we ought;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriours of the antique world
Us'd trophees to erect in stately wise,
In which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
What trophee, then, shall I most fit devise,
In which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prise,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal moniment,
And tells her praise to all posterity,
That may admire such world's rare wonderment,
The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat-armour richly are displaid
All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd,
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bowre not well awake,
Tell her the joyous Time will not be staid,
Unless she do him by the fore-lock take:
Bid her, therefore, her self soon ready make
To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her make
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make haste, therefore, sweet Love! whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I JOY to see how in your drawen work
Your self unto the bee ye do compare,
And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
In close await to catch her unaware:
Right so your self were caught in cunning snare
Of a dear foe, and thralled to his love,
In whose straight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove:
But as your work is woven all about
With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many dear delights bedecked fine,
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
Between the spider and the gentle bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFT when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
And clogg'd with burden of mortality,
Where when that soveraign beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
And unto heavens forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease,
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
Heart need not wish none other happiness,
But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEING my self captiv'd here in care,
My heart, whom none with servile bands can tye,
But the fair tresses of your golden hair,
Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly;
Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
Desired food, to it doth make his flight;
Even so my heart, that wont on your fair eye
To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
Gently engage, that he may be your thrall;
Perhaps he there may learn, with rare delight,
To sing your name and praises over all,
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

MOST happy letters, fram'd by skilful trade,
With which that happy name was first design'd,
The which three times thrice happy hath me made
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first, my being to me gave by kind,
From mother's womb deriv'd by due descent;
The second, is my soveraign queen most kind,
That honour and large riches to me lent;
The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was rais'd;
To speak her praise and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be prais'd.
Ye three Elizabeths I for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the str
But came the waves and washed it away
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains h
Vain Man! said she, that doost in vain
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I my self shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fan
My verse your vertues rare shall eterniz
And in the heavens write your glorious
Where, whenas Death shall all the world
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAIR bosom, fraught with vertue's rich
The nest of Love, the lodging of Deligh
The bowre of Bliss, the paradise of Ple
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spri
How was I ravish'd with your lovely si
And my frail thoughts too rashly led a
Whiles diving deep through amorous in
On the sweet spoil of beauty they did p
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in
Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now ap
They loosely did their wanton wings di
And there to rest themselves did boldly
Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy
Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dream, or did I see it plain?
A goodly table of pure ivory
All spred with juncats, fit to entertain
The greatest prince with pompous royalty,
'Mongst which there in a silver dish did lie
Two golden apples of unvalu'd price,
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
That many sought, yet none could ever taste,
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
By Love himself, and in his garden plac'd.
Her brest that table was, so richly spred, [fed.
My thoughts the guests, which could thereon have

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKING my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
And seek each where where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
I seek the fields, with her late footing sign'd,
I seek her bowre, with her late presence deck't;
Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find,
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect;
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again;
And when I hope to see their true object,
I find my self but fed with fancies vain.
Cease then, mine Eyes! to seek her self to see,
And let my thoughts behold her self in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that your self ye daily such do see,
But the true fair, that is, the gentle wit,
And vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me;
For all the rest, how ever fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensew:
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that fair Spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowres, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run [pile,
Through Fairy-Land, which those Six Books com-
Give leave to rest me, being half foredun,
And gather to my self new breath awhile:
Then as a steed refreshed after toil,
Out of my prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assoil,
With strong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my love's sweet praise,
The contemplation of whose heavenly hue
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise:
But let her praises yet be low and mean,
Fit for the hand-maid of the Fairy Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my love, when her fair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark,
Fair when the rose in her red cheek appears,
Or in her eyes the fire of love doth spark;
Fair when her brest, like a rich laden bark
With precious merchandize, she forth doth lay;
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away;
But fairest she when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way,
To bear the message of her gentle spright:
The rest be works of Nature's wonderment,
But this the work of hearts' astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

JOY of my life, full oft for loving you
I bless my lot, that was so lucky plac'd;
But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean love embas'd;
For had the equal heavens so much you grac'd
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchac'd
Your glorious name in golden moniment:
But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
That little that I am shall all be spent
In setting your immortal praises forth,
Whose lofty argument up-lifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

Let not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace molest,
Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest;
But pure affections, bred in spotless brest,
And modest thoughts breath'd from well-temper'd sprights,
Go visit her in her chaste bowre of rest,
Accompany'd with angel-like delights;
There fill your self with those most joyous sights,
The which my self could never yet attain,
But speak no word to her of these sad plights,
Which her too constant stiffness doth constrain;
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bless your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

The world, that cannot deem of worldly things,
When I do praise her, say I do but flatter;
So doth the cuckow, when the mavis sings,
Begins his witless note apace to chatter.
But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not envy or admire;
Rather than envy let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her desert aspire.
Deep in the closet of my parts entire
Her worth is written with a golden quill,
That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet praises fill,
Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall thunder,
Let the world chuse to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tongue, tipt with vile adder's sting,
Of that self kind with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads do comb, from which a spring
Of poisoned words and spightful speeches well,
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire,
That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stir up coals of ire,
The sparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked head,
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
Due to thy self, that it for me prepar'd.

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have out-worn,
And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn:
For when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the noyous day would end;
And whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly re-ascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile:
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light,
The which was wont to lead my thoughts ast
I wander as in darkness of the night,
Affraid of every danger's least dismay:
Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
Whereof some glance doth in mine eye remai
Of which beholding the idea plain,
Through contemplation of my purest part,
With light thereof I do my self sustain,
And thereon feed my love-affamisht heart;
But with such brightness whilst I fill my mi
I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to my self the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can n
In her unspotted pleasance to delight:
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bl

ELEGIAC POEMS.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

Upon the death of the noble and vertuous

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

Daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquire.

To the right honourable and vertuous lady,

HELENA,

MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match, near allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. The occasion why I wrote the same, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceased, as the particular good-will which I bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country: besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Ann Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke

of Norfolke was wife to Sir Edmund, mo
Sir Edward, and grand-mother to Sir V
and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knights: and th
I do assure my self that no due honour done
White Lion, but will be most grateful to your
ship, whose husband and children do so near
ticipate with the blood of that noble family.
all duty, I recommend this Pamphlet, and t
acceptance thereof, to your honourable favo
protection.

Your Honour's humbly eve

London, this first of January, 1591.

ED. SPEN

DAPHNAIDA.

WHAT-EVER man he be whose heavy min
With grief of mournful great mishap oppre
Fit matter for his cares increase would find,
Let read the ruful plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I ween, the woful'st man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced brest
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banish'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing,
For even their heavy song would breed deli
But here no tunes, save sobs and grones, s

Instead of them and their sweet harmony,
Let those three Fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
Do weave the direful threds of Destiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
After his day's long labour drew to rest,
And sweaty steeds, now having over-run
The compast sky, 'gan water in the west,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freshing air
In open fields, whose flow'ring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit possess,
Ne lets it rest until it forth have brought
Her long-born infant, fruit of heaviness,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this world's vainness and life's wretchedness,
That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion.

So as I mused on the misery
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man, I did espy
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's staff in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from far away.

His careless locks, uncombed and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he seem'd to be some wight forlorn:
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenaunce
Me seem'd I had his person seen elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, Alcyon! There-withall
He look'd aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stayed not, till I again did call:
Then turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One whom like wofulness impressed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to hear,
And given like cause with thee to wail and weep;
Grief finds some ease by him that like does bear.
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trusty ear
Committed what thee doth so ill apay.

Cease, foolish Man! (said he, half wrothfully)
To seek to hear that which cannot be told,
For the huge anguish which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne do I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weep that would,
But seek alone to weep and die alone.

Then be it so, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Lest that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of frail flesh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
Deem the occasion of his death to be;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamity;
For hearts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my grief,
And car'st for one that for himself cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
For my relief exceedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavy case relate:
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou here more hapless fate.

" Whilome I us'd (as thou right well doost kn
My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flo
And flowrie banks with silver liquor steep;
Nought car'd I then for worldly change or chan
For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
I spyed playing on the grassie plain
Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

" Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldom seen,
And gan to cast how I her compass might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain

" And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That though by kind she stout and salvage we
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her fram'd, and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of chear,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went:

" For she in field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day;
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleep;
And ever more when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

" Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in careless quiet deep:
My lovely lioness without behest.
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

" Oft did the shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envide,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my lioness, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad, and when her worthiness
Much greater than the rude report they try'd,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bless.

" Long thus I joyed in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end;
But oh! fond Man! that in world's fickleness
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies;

" For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel Satyre with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart:
My lioness (ah, woe is me!) is gone!

" Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And born to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter then the Lion which with toil
Alcides slew, and fix'd in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he 'gan afresh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep;
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deal allay'd, I him bespake again;
Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
That riddle of thy loved lioness,
For rare it seems in reason to be scan'd,
That man, who doth the whole world's rule possess,
Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
And be the vassal of his vassaless;
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful case.

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead;" ne more endur'd to say,
But fell to ground for great extremity;
That I beholding it, with deep dismay
Was much apall'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my self, through grief, in deadly drearing.

Then 'gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with mild counsail strove to mitigate
The stormy passion of his troubled brest,
But he thereby was more empassionate;
As stubborn steed, that is with curb restrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at last, thus dearnly plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
Which so unjustly do their judgments share
'Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress.

"If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fair, sith fairness is neglected?
Or why be they themselves immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected;
Yet she in pureness heaven it self did pass.

" In pureness and in all celestial grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind
She did excel, and seem'd of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new divin'd,
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

" No age hath bred (since fair Astrea left
The sinful world) more vertue in a wight;
And when she parted hence, with her she reft
Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty quight.
Well may the shepherd lasses now lament,
For double loss by her hath on them light,
To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

" Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdess,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustick Muse full hardly to be better'd.

" She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
Mine, ah! not mine; amiss I mine did say:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flowre so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!

fell away in her first age's spring,
st yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
vhilst her branch fair blossoms forth did bring,
ll away against all course of kind.
ge to die is right, but youth is wrong;
ll away like fruit blown down with wind.
, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

II.

hat heart so stony hard but that would weep,
pour forth fountains of incessant tears?
t Timon but would let compassion creep
his breast, and pierce his frozen ears?
ad of tears, whose brackish bitter well
ted have, my heart-blood drooping wears,
hink to ground how that fair blossom fell.

t fell she not as one enforc'd to die,
ed with dread and grudging discontent,
s one toil'd with travel down doth lie,
y she down, as if to sleep she went,
clos'd her eyes with careless quietness;
whiles soft Death away her spirit hent,
soul assoyl'd from sinful fleshliness.

t ere that life her lodging did forsake,
all resolv'd, and ready to remove,
ng to me (ay me!) this wise bespake;
on! ah, my first and latest love!
why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
to me had chanst some evil tourn.

" I, sith the messenger is come for me,
That summons souls unto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soveraign beheast;
Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
That I from misery should be releast,
And freed fron wretched long imprisonment?

" Our days are full of dolour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant pain,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease;
Why then should I desire here to remain?
Or why should he that loves me sorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to see?

" I go, and long desired have to go,
I go with gladness to my wished rest,
Whereas no world's sad care nor wasting woe
May come, their happy quiet to molest;
But saints and angels in celestial thrones
Eternally him praise that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

" Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love the which betwixt us past,
My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me
Love her, so shall our love for ever last.
Thus, Dear! adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having said, away she softly past.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine undersong.

III.

" So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches do compare,
The which my soul first conquer'd and possest,
The first beginners of my endless care:

" And when those pallid cheeks and ashie hue,
In which sad Death his portraiture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghastly Night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearful brow,
Which all the world subdued unto it,
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

" How happy was I when I saw her lead
The Shepherds' daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grass, with rosie garland crown'd?
And when she list advaunce her heavenly voice,
Both nymphs and Muses nigh she made astown'd,
And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoyce.

" But now, ye shepherd Lasses! who shall lead
Your wandring troups, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-days?
Let now your bliss be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous plays,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

" Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill
Unto the many that provoke them might
To idle pleasance, but let ghastliness
And dreary horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heaviness;

" Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells;
Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,
And parching drouth dry up the crystal wells;
Let th' earth be barren, and bring forth no flowres,
And the air be fill'd with noise of doleful knells,
And wandering spirits walk untimely houres.

" And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her self from her long weariness,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of ugliness;
For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

IV.

" My little flock, whom earst I lov'd so well,
And wont to feed with finest grass that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter astrofell,
And stinking smallage, and unsavory rue;
And when your maws are with those weeds corrupted,
Be ye the prey of wolves; ne will I rue
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

'orse to you, my silly Sheep! I pray,
r vengeance wish on you to fall
o my self, for whose confus'd decay
:less Heavens I do daily call;
:avens refuse to hear a wretch's cry,
uel Death doth scorn to come at call,
nt this boon that most desires to die.

good and righteous he away doth take,
gue th' unrighteous which alive remain,
: ungodly ones he doth forsake,
ıg long to multiply their pain;
rely death should be no punishment,
great Judge at first did it ordain,
her riddance from long languishment.

efore, my Daphne, they have tane away,
rthy of a better place was she,
unworthy willed here to stay,
ith her lack I might tormented be.
n they so have ordred, I will pay
e to her, according their decree,
her ghost do service day by day.

will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
ghout the world from one to other end,
affliction waste my bitter age:
ad shall be the anguish of my mind,
nk the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
the ground that hardest I may find,
I wilfully increase my pain.

" And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestial throne
(In which she joyeth in eternal bliss)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pity me that living thus to die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortal men, and rue their misery.

" So when I have with sorrow satisfide
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on me seek,
And th' Heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
Will send for me, for which I daily long,
And will till then my painful penance eke.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

V.

" Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade;
So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
And mocking such as think they long will stay.

" I hate the Heaven, because it doth with-hold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies;
I hate the air, because sighs of it be;
I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

"I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see;
I hate the darkness and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in me;
I hate all times, because; all times do fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

"I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
I hate to hear, loud plaints have dull'd mine ears;
I hate to taste, for food with-holds my dying;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimm'd with tears;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
I hate to feel, my flesh is numb'd with fears:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

"I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as I they wretched are;
The other, for because I do not find
My love with them, that wont to be their star:
And life I hate, because it will not last;
And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

"So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But still unstedfast, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel, in midst of misery,
Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does die.

" So do I live, so do I daily die,
And pine away in self-consuming pain;
Sith she that did my vital powers supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
Is fetcht from me, why seek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and disdain?
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my underso

VI.

" Why do I longer live in life's despight,
And do no not die then in despight of death;
Why do I longer see this loathsom light,
And do in darkness not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares find quiet? is it so uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

" To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die must needs be joyeous,
And wishful thing this sad life to forgoe:
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bade me so;
She bade me stay till she for me did send.

" Yet whilst I in this wretched vale do stay,
My weary feet shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be ready on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
Ne will I rest my limbs for fraelty,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

s the mother of the gods, that sought
Eurydice, her daughter dear,
hout the world, with woful heavy thought,
I travel whilst I tarry here,
I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
ı as drouping Titan draweth near,
e his teem, will I take up my inn.

:ep (the harbenger of weary wights)
er lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
ing force to former strength restore:
ill wake and sorrow all the night
hilomel my fortune to deplore;
hilomel, the partner of my plight.

:ver as I see the star to fall,
der ground to go to give them light
dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
y fair star (that shin'd on me so bright)
dainly and faded under-ground,
hose departure day is turn'd to night,
ght without a Venus' star is found.

s soon as Day doth shew his dewie face,
ls forth men unto their toylsom trade,
ithdraw me to some darksom place,
: dear cave, or solitary shade;
ill I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
huge burden of my cares unlade.
hepherd! weep, to make my undersong.

VII.

Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Ir things on earth, ne feed on false delight
f ought that framed is of mortal mould,
ith that my fairest flower is faded quight;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

" And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

" And ye, true Lovers! whom desastrous chaunce
Hath far exiled from your ladies grace,
To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye do hear me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miserable case,
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

" And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest love's delight,
When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your empassion'd spright,
And think that such mishap, as chaunst to me
unto the most happy wight,
unstedfast be.

" And ye, my fellow Shepherds! which do feed
Your careless flocks on hills and open plains,
With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeserved pains;
And when ye hear that I am dead or slain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swains
That sad Alcyon dy'd in life's disdain.

" And ye, fair Damsels! shepherds' dear delights,
That with your loves do their rude hearts possess,
Whenas my hearse shall happen to your sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparess;
And ever sprinkle brackish tears among,
In pity of my undeserv'd distress,
The which I, wretch, endured have thus long.

" And ye, poor Pilgrims! that with restless toyl
Weary yourselves in wandring desart ways,
Till that you come where ye your vows assoil,
When passing by ye read these woful lays
On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
And mourn for me that languish out my days.
Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy undersong."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheeks wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fall'n to ground;
Which when I saw, (I stepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his stony swound,
And 'gan him to recomfort as I might.

ASTROPH

A PASTORAL ELEGY

Upon the death of the most noble and valorous

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

Dedicated to the most beautiful and ver

THE COUNTESS OF E

SHEPHERDS! that wont on pipes of o
Oft-times to plain your loves conceale
And with your piteous lays have lea
Compassion in a country lass's heart
Hearken, ye gentle Shepherds! to
And place my doleful plaint your
To you alone I sing this mournf
The mournful'st verse that eve
To you whose softned hearts i
With Dolour's dart, for death
To you I sing, and to none
For well I wote my rymes
Yet as they been, if any
Shall hap to hear, or co
Think not that such are
Made not to please th
And if in him found
Let him be mov'd t

A G

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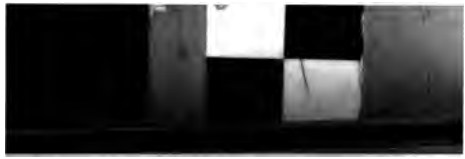
Young Astrophel! the pride of shepherds' praise,
Young Astrophel! the rustick lasses love,
Far passing all the pastors of his days,
In all that seemly shepherds might behove;
In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A slender swain, excelling far each other
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face;

Which daily more and more he did augment
With gentle usage and demeanure mild,
That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguil'd:
Ne Spight it self, that all good things doth spill,
Found out in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honey without gall;
And he himself seem'd made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall:
There was no pleasure nor delightful play
When Astrophel so-ever was away.

For he could pipe and dance, and carol sweet
Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast,



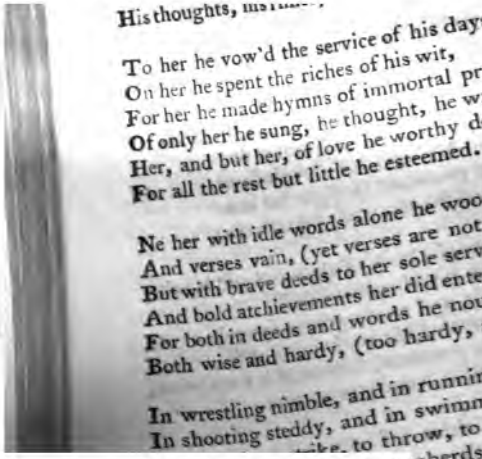
As sommer's lark, that with her song doth greet
The dawning day, forth coming from the east:
And layes of love he also could compose;
Thrice happy she whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maidens often did him woo
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them, as he was wont to do
For her that did his heart with love inflame;
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill,
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood-gods for them often sighed sore;
Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's store:
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh'd,
His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair! the fairest star in sky,
As fair as Venus, or the fairest fair,
(A fairer star saw never living eye)
Shot her sharp-pointed beams through purest air



His thoughts, ...

To her he vow'd the service of his days
On her he spent the riches of his wit,
For her he made hymns of immortal pr
Of only her he sung, he thought, he wr
Her, and but her, of love he worthy de
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he woo
And verses vain, (yet verses are not
But with brave deeds to her sole serv
And bold atchievements her did ente
For both in deeds and words he nou
Both wise and hardy, (too hardy,

In wrestling nimble, and in runnin
In shooting steddy, and in swimm
... to throw, to
neoherds

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His mistress' name and his own fame to raise.
What needeth peril to be sought abroad,
Sith round about us it doth make aboad?

It fortuned as he that perilous game
In forein soil pursued far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he herd to be of salvage prey:
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn nor foul Arlo is.

There his well-woven toyls and subtil trains
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap;
So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
That he of them great troups did soon entrap:
Full happy man (misweening much) was he,
So rich a spoyl within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedless of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
To slaughter them, and work their final bale,
Lest that his toyl should of their troups be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many a one he made,
Now with his sharp-boar speer, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partial unto none)

Ill mind, so much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own:
But pardon unto the cruel skyes,
That from himself to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruel beast of most accursed brood,
Upon him turn'd (despair makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launced his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles rived quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direful stound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And having none to lett, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he?
And ye, fair Maids! the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need
To stop his wound, that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched Boy! the shape of Dreryhead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end,
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, or foe or friend;

ıilst none is nigh thine eye-lids up to close,
d kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

ıort of shepherds suing of the chace,
they the forest ranged on a day,
Fate or Fortune came unto the place,
ıereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
: bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
ł not good hap those shepherds thither led.

ey stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
d in their arms then softly did him rear;
o (as he will'd) unto his loved lass,
; dearest love, him dolefully did bear:
e dolefulst bier that ever man did see
ıs Astrophel, but dearest unto me.

, when she saw her love in such a plight,
th crudled blood and filthy gore deformed,
at wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
d her dear favours dearly well adorned,
· face the fairest face that eye mote see,
likewise did deform, like him to be.

· yellow locks, that shone so bright and long,
sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
m her red cheeks the roses rent away;
d her fair brest, the treasury of joy,
spoyl'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

She bathed oft w...
And with sweet kisses suck ...
Out of his lips, like lilies, pale and soft;
And oft she call'd to him, who answer'd nough
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste;
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit
And followed her mate, like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divi
... in love so firmly tide.

Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well;
But thou, where-ever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel;
And whensoever thou it up doost take,
Do pluck it softly, for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all, which loved him full dear,
(And sure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to see what they did hear;
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish and great grief opprest;
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to shew his sorrow best;
That from that howre, since first on grassie green
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister, that Clarinda hight,
That gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright,
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay;

Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will reherse.

" Aye me! to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief?
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my enriven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

" To heavens? ah! they, alas! the authors were,
And workers, of my unremedied wo;
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes also ill;
That which they made, who can them warn to spill?

" To men? ah! they, alas! like wretched be,
And subject to the Heavens' ordinance,
Bound to abide whatever they decree;
Their best redress is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no less need comforted to be?

" Then to my self will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains,
And to my self my plaints shall back retourn,
To pay their usury with double pains:
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
The mournful accent of my sorrows' ground.

" Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late deface:
The fairest flowre in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

" What cruel hand of cursed foe unknown
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely howre:
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

" Break now your girlonds, O ye shepherds Lasses
Sith the fair flowre which them adorn'd is gone;
The flowre which them adorn'd, is gone to ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on:
In stead of girlond, wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder, broken from the bough.

" Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made;
Who ever made such lays of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto your selves, to make you merry glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

" Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy;

Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride, was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

"O Death! that hast us of such riches reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it done?
What is become of him whose flowre here left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did pass.

"But that immortal spirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By soveraign choice from th' heavenly quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead?

"Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie
In bed of lillies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compast all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds, all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;

lst in sweet dream to him presented be
ıortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
their divine aspects, appearing plain,
nd kindling love in him above all measure;
weet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:
or what so goodly form he there doth see
Ie may enjoy, from jealous rancor free.

" There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts' more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

" But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries."

Which when she ended had, another swain,
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain
Whilst here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

ASTROPHEL.

er him full many other moe,
ery one in order lov'd him best,
light themselves t' express their inwar
doleful layes, unto the time addrest;
which I here in order will rehearse,
ittest flowres to deck his mournful hea

THE MOURNING MUSE.

OF THESTYLIS.

COME forth, ye Nymphs! come forth,
Forsake your watry bowres,
Forsake your mossy caves,
And help me to lament;
Help me to tune my doleful notes
To gurgling sound
Of Liffie's tumbling streams:
Come let salt tears of ours
Mix with his waters fresh:
O come! let one consent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
The deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made,
Decreed by higher powres;
The drery day in which
They have from us yrent
The noblest plant that might
From east to west be found.
Mourn, mourn great Philip's fall!
Mourn, we his woful end,
Whom spightful Death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
Did promise worthy fruit.
Ah! dreadful Mars! why didst
Thou not thy knight defend?

What wrathful mood, what fault
Of ours hath moved thee
Of such a shining light
To leave us destitute?
Thou with benigne aspect
Sometime didst us behold;
Thou hast in Briton's valour
Ta'en delight of old,
And with thy presence oft
Vouchsaft to attribute
Fame and renown to us
For glorious martial deeds;
But now thy ireful beams
Have chill'd our hearts with cold
Thou hast estrang'd thy self,
And deignest not our land:
Far off, to others now
Thy favour honour breeds,
And high disdain doth cause
Thee shun our clime, I fear;
For hadst thou not been wrot
Or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldst have heard th
That woful England made
Eke Zealand's piteous plair
And Holland's toren hair,
Would haply have appeas
Thy divine angry mind.
Thou shouldst have seer
Refuse to yield their s

wailing, to let fall
ıonours of their head;
birds in mournful tunes
enting in their kind.
rom his tomb
: mighty Corineus rose,
ıo cursing oft the Fates,
ıat his mishap had bred,
s hoary locks he tare,
ılling the Heavens unkind.
he Thames was heard to roar,
'he Reyne and eke the Mose,
The Schald, the Danow' self
This great mischance did rue
With torment and with grief;
Their fountains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with swelling floods
Declar'd their woes.
The Muses comfortless,
The Nymphs with pallid hue,
The sylvan gods likewise
Came running far and near,
And all with tears bedew'd,
And eyes cast up on high,
O help! O help! ye Gods!
They ghastly 'gan to cry;
O change the cruel fate
Of this so rare a wight,
And grant that Nature's course
May measure out his age.

The beasts their food forsook,
And trembling fearfully,
Each sought his cave or den,
This cry did them so fright.
Out from amid the waves,
By storm then stir'd to rage,
This cry did cause to rise
Th' old Father Ocean hoar,
Who, grave with eld, and full
Of majesty in sight,
Spake in this wise; "Refrain,"
Quoth he, "your tears and plaints;
"Cease these your idle words,
"Make vain requests no more;
"No humble speech nor mone
"May move the fixed stint
"Of Destiny or Death:
"Such is his will that paints
"The earth with colours fresh,
"The darkest skyes with store
"Of starry lights; and though
"Your tears a heart of flint
"Might tender make, yet nought
"Herein they will prevail."
Whiles thus he said,
The noble knight, who 'gan to feel
His vital force to faint,
And Death with cruel dint
Of direful dart
His mortal body to assail,

With eyes lift up to heav'n,
And courage frank as steel,
With chearful face,
Where valour lively was exprest,
But humble mind, he said,
" O Lord! if ought this frail
" And earthly carcass have
" Thy service sought t' advance;
" If my desire hath been
" Still to relieve th' oppress;
" If justice to maintain,
" That valour I have spent
" Which thou me gav'st; or if
" Henceforth I might advance
" Thy name, thy truth, then spare
" Me (Lord!) if thou think best;
" Forbear these unripe years:
" But if thy will be bent,
" If that prefixed time
" Be come which thou hast set,
" Through pure and fervent faith
" I hope now to be plac'd
" In the everlasting bliss
" Which with thy precious blood
" Thou purchase did for us."
With that a sigh he fet,
And straight a cloudy mist
His senses over-cast;
His lips wax pale and wan,
Like damask roses' bud

Cast from the stalk, or like
In field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth, being shre
By culter as it past.
A trembling chilly cold
Ran through their veins, which
With eyes brim-full of tears
To see his fatal howre,
Whose blustering sighs at first
Their sorrow did declare,
Next murmuring ensude:
At last they not forbear
Plain out-cries, all against
The Heav'ns, that enviously
Depriv'd us of a spright
So perfect and so rare.
The sun his lightsom beams
Did shroud, and hide his face
For grief, whereby the earth
Fear'd night eternally:
The mountains each were shool
The rivers turn'd their stream
And th' air 'gan, winter-like,
To rage and fret apace;
And grisly ghosts by night
Were seen, and fiery gleams
Amid the clouds, with claps
Of thunder, that did seem
To rent the skies, and made
Both men and beast afeard.

The birds of ill presage
This luckless chance fore-told
By dernful noise, and dogs
With howling made men deem
Some mischief was at hand;
For such they do esteem
As tokens of mishap,
And so have done of old.
Ah! that thou hadst but heard
His lovely Stella 'plain
Her grievous loss, or seen
Her heavy mourning cheer,
While she with woe oppresst
Her sorrows did unfold:
Her hair hung loose neglect
About her shoulders twain;
And from those two bright stars,
To him sometime so deer,
Her heart sent drops of pearl,
Which fell in foyson down
Twixt lilly and the rose:
She wrong her hands with pain,
And piteously 'gan say,
" My true and faithfull Pheer,
" Alas and woe is me!
" Why should my fortune frown
" On me thus frowardly,
" To rob me of my joy?
" What cruell envious hand
" *Hath* taken thee away,

" And with thee my content,
" My comfort and my stay?
" Thou only wast the ease
" Of trouble and annoy;
" When they did me assail,
" In thee my hopes did rest.
" Alas! what now is left
" But grief, that night and day
" Afflicts this woful life,
" And with continual rage
" Torments ten thousand ways
" My miserable brest?
" O greedy, envious Heav'n!
" What needeth thee to have
" Enrich'd with such a jewel
" This unhappy age,
" To take it back again
" So soon? Alas! when shall
" Mine eyes see ought that may
" Content them, since the grave
" My only treasure hides,
" The joys of my poor heart?
" As here with thee on earth
" I liv'd ev'n so equal,
" Methinks it were with thee
" In heav'n I did abide;
" And as our troubles all
" We here on earth did part,
" So reason would that there
" *Of thy* most happy state

" I had my share. Alas!
" If thou my trusty guide
" Were wont to be, how canst
" Thou leave me thus alone
" In darkness, and astray?
" Weak, weary, desolate,
" Plung'd in a world of woe,
" Refusing for to take
" Me with thee to the place
" Of rest where thou art gone."
This said, she held her peace,
For sorrow tide her tongue,
And instead of more words,
Seem'd that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flow'd
So plenteously therefro;
And with her sobs and sighs
Th' air round about her rung.
If Venus, when she wail'd
Her dear Adonis slain,
Ough: mov'd in thy fierce heart
Compassion of her woe,
His noble sister's plaints,
Her sighs and tears emong,
Would sure have made thee mild,
And inly rue her pain.
Aurora half so fair
Herself did never show,
When from old Tithon's bed
She weeping did arise.

THE MOURNING MUSE, &c.

...nded Archer-boy,
...ark in showre of rain,
...aching of his wings,
..., glad, the time did spend
...der those chrystal drops
Which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brightest beams
Him proyn'd in lovely wise:
Yet sorry for her grief,
Which he could not amend,
The gentle boy 'gan wipe
Her eyes, and clear those lights,
Those lights through which
His glory and his conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her hair,
Which hung like threds of gold
Along her ivory brest,
The treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep
It seemed did incline;
The trees, the hills, the dales,
The caves, the stones so cold
The air did help them mourn
With dark clouds, rain and
Forbearing many a day
To clear itself again,
Which made them efts
The days of Pyrrah
...creatures spoil
...al thre

r Phœbus' gladsome rays
Vere wished for in vain;
And with her quivering light
Latona's daughter fair,
And Charles-Wain eke, refus'd
To be the shipman's guide.
On Neptune war was made
By Æolus and his train,
Who letting loose the winds,
Tost and tormented th' air;
So that on ev'ry coast
Men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallow'd up
In open sea with waves;
And such as came to shore,
Were beaten with despair.
The Medway's silver streams,
That wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wroth,
Whose hidden hollow caves
Along his banks, with fog
Then shrouded from man's eye,
Ay Philip! did resound,
Ay Philip! they did cry.
His nymphs were seen no more,
(Though custom still it craves)
With hair spred to the wind,
Themselves to bathe or sport,
Or with the hook or net,
Bare-footed, wantonly

The pleasant dainty fish
To entangle or deceive.
The shepherds left
Their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still;
Their loving merry lays
Were quite forgot; and now
Their flocks, men might perceive
To wander and to stray,
All carelessly neglect;
And in the stead of mirth
And pleasure, nights and days,
Nought else was to be heard
But woes, complaints, and mone.
But thou (O blessed Soul!)
Dost haply not respect
These tears we shed, though full
Of loving pure aspect;
Having affix'd thine eye
On that most glorious throne,
Where, full of majesty,
The high Creator reigns;
In whose bright shining face
Thy joys are all complete,
Whose love kindles thy spright;
Where happy always one
Thou liv'st in bliss
That earthly passion never stains;
Where from the purest spring,
he sacred nectar sweet

Is thy continual drink;
Where thou dost gather now
Of well employed life
Th'inestimable gains;
Where Venus on thee smiles,
Apollo gives thee place,
And Mars, in reverent wise
Doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery sphear
To do thee honour most:
In highest part whereof,
Thy valour for to grace,
A chair of gold he sets
To thee, and there doth tell
Thy noble acts anew,
Whereby even they that boast
Themselves of ancient fame,
As Pyrrhus, Hannibal,
Scipio, and Cæsar, with
The rest that did excel
In martial prowess, high
Thy glory do admire.
All hail! therefore,
O worthy Philip, immortal!
The flowre of Sydney's race!
The honour of thy name!
Whose worthy praise to sing
My Muses not aspire;
But, sorrowful and sad,
These tears to thee let fall,

Vouchsafe, noble Lady! to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as, perhaps, by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So, recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladyship's humbly ever,

EDMUND SPENSER.

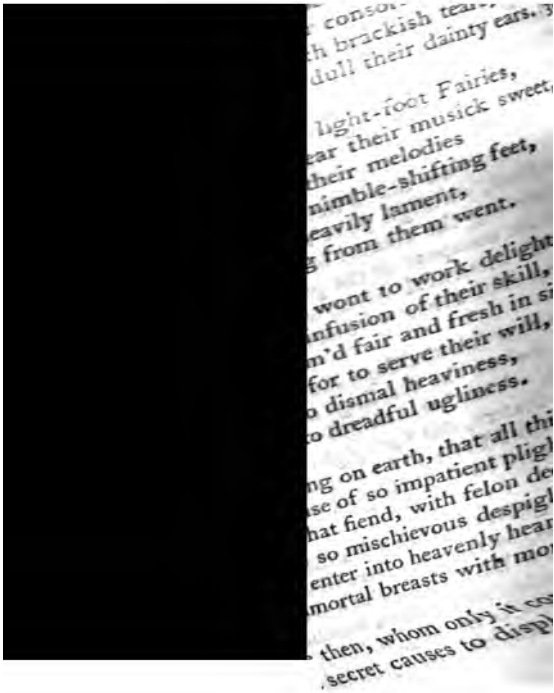
THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

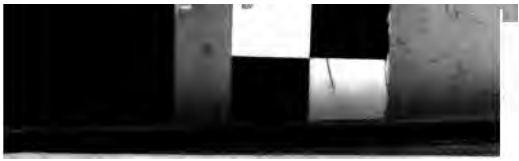
REHERSE to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine!
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad tine
Which late you poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone,
Making your musick of heart-breaking mone:

For since the time that Phœbus' foolish son
Ythundered, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traversing the charret of the sun
Beyond the compass of the pointed path,
Of you his mournful sisters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that fair Calliope did lose
Her loved twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatal Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewail long space,
Was ever heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noi
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voi
Were wont redoubled ecchoes to rebound,
Did *now* rebound with nought but rueful cries,
And yelling shrieks thrown up into the skies.





For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so doleful lay.
Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

HEAR, thou great Father of the gods on high,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder-darts,
And thou our sire, that reign'st in Castalie,
And Mount Parnass, the god of goodly art;
Hear and behold the miserable state
Of us, thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselvs to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sons of Darkness and of Ignorance,
But they whom thou, great Jove! by doom unjust,
Didst to the type of honour earst advance;
They now, puft up with 'sdeignful insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to shoot up still,
And grow to height of kingdom's government,

They under keep, and with their spreading arms
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harms.

It most behooves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheads without gift or gain;
Or rather learn'd themselves behooves to be,
That is the girlond of nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want intelligence;
For God himself for wisdom most is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are highest rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry;
But vertuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings or base slothfulness
Find nothing worthy to be writ or told;
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime;
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she rain'd such store of streaming tears,
That could have made a stony heart to weep,
And all her sisters rent their golden hears,
And their fair faces with salt humour steep.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O WHO shall pour into my swollen eyes
A sea of tears that never may be dride!
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air so wide!
And iron sides, that sighing may endure,
To wail the wretchedness of world impure?

Ah! wretched World! the den of wickedness,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched World! the house of heaviness,
Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal misery;
Ah! wretched World! and all that is therein,
The vassals of God's wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without understanding doth appear,

me more tragick matter I
this, of men depriv'd of se

all man's life me seems a tr
ll of sad sights and sore catas
irst coming to the world with
Where all his days, like dolorou
Are heapt with spoils of fortune
And he at last laid forth on bale

So all with rueful spectacles is f
Fit for Megæra or Persephone,
But I, that in true tragedies am
The flowre of wit, find nought
Therefore I mourn and pitifully
Because that mourning matter I

Then 'gan she woefully to wail,
Her wretched hands in lamental
And all her sisters thereto answe
Threw forth loud shrieks and d
So rested she; and then the next
Began her grievous plaint, as do

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweet delights of
That wont with comick sock to
The painted theatres, and fill w
The listners' eyes and ears with
In which I late was wont to re
And mask in mirth with grace

Quite is gone; and all that goodly Glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is fled and hid, and no where now to see,
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow browes and grisely countenance
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him besides sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkness of the deep abysm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguize.

All places they with folly have possest,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain,
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comick stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasance grac'd,
By which man's life, in his likest image,
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock her self, and truth to intimate,

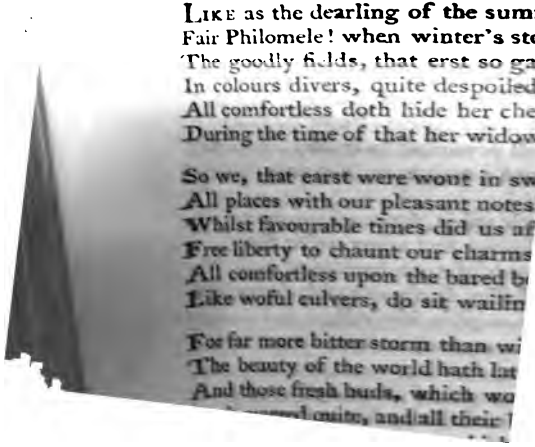
With kindly counter under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof, scoffing Scurrility,
And scorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rimes of shameless ribaudry
Without regard, or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will persumes to make,
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

So am I made the servant of the many,
And laughing-stock of all that list to scorn,
Not honoured nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorn;
Therefore I mourn and sorrow with the rest,
Until my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she loudly did lament and shrike,
Pouring forth streams of tears abundantly,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singults did supply.



LIKE as the dearling of the summ
Fair Philomele! when winter's sto
The goodly fields, that erst so ga
In colours divers, quite despoiled
All comfortless doth hide her che
During the time of that her widow

So we, that earst were wont in sw
All places with our pleasant notes
Whilst favourable times did us af
Free liberty to chaunt our charms
All comfortless upon the bared b
Like woful culvers, do sit wailin

For far more bitter storm than wi
The beauty of the world hath lat
And those fresh buds, which wo
[illegible] quite, and all their

ge of hellish Horror, Ignorance,
n in the bosom of the black abyss,
nd fed with Furies' milk for sustenance
his weak infancy, begot amiss
yawning Sloth on his own mother Night,
he his sons both sire and brother hight:

, arm'd with blindness and with boldness stout,
'or blind is bold) hath our fair light defaced,
nd gathering unto him a ragged rout
Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings raced,
nd our chaste bowers, in which all vertue reign'd,
ith brutishness and beastly filth hath stain'd.

he sacred springs of horse-foot Helicon,
oft bedewed with our learned layes,
nd speaking streams of pure Castalion,
he famous witness of our wonted praise,
hey trampled have with their foul footing's tread,
nd like to troubled puddles have them made.

ur pleasant groves, which planted were with plains,
hat with our musick wont so oft to ring,
nd arbours sweet, in which the shepherds' swains
ere wont so oft their pastorals to sing,
hey have cut down, and all their pleasure marr'd,
hat now no pastoral is to be heard.

stead of them, foul goblins and shriek-owls,
ith fearful howling do all places fill,

And feeble Eccho now laments and howls
The dreadful accents of their out-cries shrill:
So all is turned into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was earst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
My spirits, now dismay'd with sorrow dull,
Do mone my misery with silence soft;
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please th' Heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith she wailed with exceeding woe,
And piteous lamentation did make;
And all her sisters seeing her do so,
With equal plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she; and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasure sweet,
Fearless through his own fault or Fortune's spight
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

So we, that earst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosom of all bliss did sit,
Like virgin queens, with laurel garlands crown'd,
For vertue's meed and ornament of wit,

Ignorance our kingdom did confound,
now become most wretched wights on ground.

id in our royal thrones, which lately stood
th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
e now hath placed his accursed brood,
y him begotten of foul Infamy;
Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that we should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries;
They cheerly chant, and rimes at random fling,
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they do with their toys possess,
And reign in liking of the multitude;
The schools they fill with fond new-fangleness,
And sway in court with pride and rashness rude:
'Mongst simple shepherds they do boast their skill,
And say their musick matcheth Phœbus' quill.

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their prince that learning is but vain;
Fair ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with leud delights distain:
Clerks they to loathly idleness intice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice.

houghts half divine, full of the fire of love,
Vith beauty kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in security possess,
Forgetful of your former heaviness;

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deify,
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praise
Above the compass of the arched sky:
Now change your praises unto piteous cries,
And eulogies turn into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds
Of raging love first 'gan you to torment,
And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I, that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormy passion,
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lover's life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindly skill,
Banish'd by those that love with lewdness fill.

Love wont to be school-master of my skill,
And the deviceful matter of my song;
Sweet Love! devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprong

Ne [illegible] they care that late posterity
[illegible] their names, or speak
But [illegible] forgot, from whence at fi
As they themselves shall be forgo

What boots it then to come from g
Forefathers, or to have been nobl
What odds 'twixt Irus and old In
'Twixt best and worst, when both
If none of neither mention should
Nor cut of dust their memories aw

Or who would ever care to do bra
Or strive in vertue others to excel,
If none should yield him his dese
Due praise, that is the spur of doi
For if good were not praised more
None would chuse goodness of his

Therefore the Nurse of Vertue I
And Golden Trumpet of eternity
That lowly thoughts lift up to he
And mortal men have power to d
Bacchus and Hercules I rais'd to
And Charlemain amongst the sta

But now I will my golden clarion
And will henceforth immortalize
Sith I no more find worthy to com
For prize of value, or for learned
For noble peers whom I was wont
Now only seek for pleasure, noug

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare
And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share;
Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
Both for my self and for my sisters' sake.

With that she loudly 'gan to wail and shrike,
And from her eyes a sea of tears did poure,
And all her sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpness of her showre.
So ended she; and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
Of stars, conspiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without soverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of knowledge is put
And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleshes frailty and deceit of sin.

[illegible] wide world in which they wretche
[illegible] which they have,

It is their light, the...
But hell, and darkness, and the g...
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the World's creati
How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass;
By knowledge we do learn our selves to know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft into the sky,
And look into the crystal firmament;
There we behold the heaven's great hierarchy,
The stars' pure light, the spheres' swift move
The spirits and intelligences fair,
And angels waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high insig
...aker's majesty we view,

However yet they me despise and spight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my self with mine own-self delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought:
So loathing earth I look up to the sky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

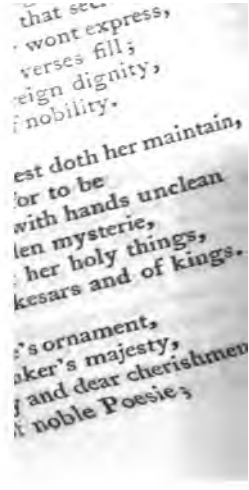
Thence I behold the misery of men,
Which want the bliss that wisdomwould them breed,
And like brute beasts do lie in loathsom den
Of ghostly darkness and of ghastly dreed;
For whom I mourn, and for my self complain,
And for my sisters eke, whom they disdain.

With that she wept and wail'd so piteously,
As if her eyes had been two springing wells;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supply,
Did throw forth shrikes, and cries, and drery yells.
So ended she, and then the next in rew
Began her mournful plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL case desires a doleful song,
Without vain art or curious complements,
And squallid fortune into baseness flong,
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments:
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for me,
To tell my sorrows, that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures
With which I wont the winged words to tye,


that see
wont express,
verses fill;
eign dignity,
nobility.

est doth her maintain,
or to be
with hands unclean
len mysterie,
her holy things,
kesars and of kings.

's ornament,
aker's majesty,
and dear cherishmen
noble Poesie;

Ne only favours them which i
But is her self a peerless poet

Most peerless prince, most pe
The true Pandora of all heav
Divine Eliza, sacred empere
Live she for ever, and her r
Be fill'd with praises of div
That her enternize with the

Some few beside this sacre
Admirers of her glorious
Which being lightned wi
Are thereby fill'd with h
And lifted up above the
To sing with angels her

But all the rest, as bo
And having been with
Can no whit savour t
But with base though
And kept from lookir
For whom I wail an

Eftsoons such store
As if she all to wate
And all her sisters
Did weep and wail
And all their learn
The rest untold,

THE RUINES OF ROME.
BY BELLAY.

I.

Ye heavenly Spirits! whose ashy cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your fair verses, ne in ashes rest;
If so be shrilling voice of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shrieking yell.
Thrice having seen, under the heaven's veil,
Your tombs' devoted compass over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glory, fairest of all earthly thing.

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praise,
And sharped steeples high shot up in air;
Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze,
And Nylus' nurslings their pyramids fair;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the story
Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed,
Mausolus' work will be the Carians' glory,
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth now raced:
The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Coloss, erect to memory;
And what else in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnify:
But I will sing, above all moniments,
Seven Roman hills, the world's seven wonderments.

III.

Thou Stranger! which for Rome in Rome here se
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
These same old walls, old arches, which thou se
Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreck, what ruine, and what waste
And how that she, which with her mightv powr
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her self at last,
The prey of Time, which all things doth devour
Rome now of Rome is th' only funerall,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory;
Ne ought save Tyber, hastning to his fall,
Remains of all. O world's inconstancy!
That which is firm doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She, whose high top above the stars did sore,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
Both heaven and earth in roundness compassing
Jove fearing, least if she should greater grow,
The giants old should once again uprise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills, whic
Tombs of her greatness, which did threat the sk
Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomack laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

Nature, Art,
Rome! thee let him see,
can guess in heart,
ucture is of thee.
if the shade of Rome
a seeming sight,
n forth out of the tomb
of eternal night:
in ashes is entombed,
t, rejoyned to the spirit
, is in the same enwombed;
tings, which her famous merit,
, out of the dust doth rear,
ol through the world appear.

VI.

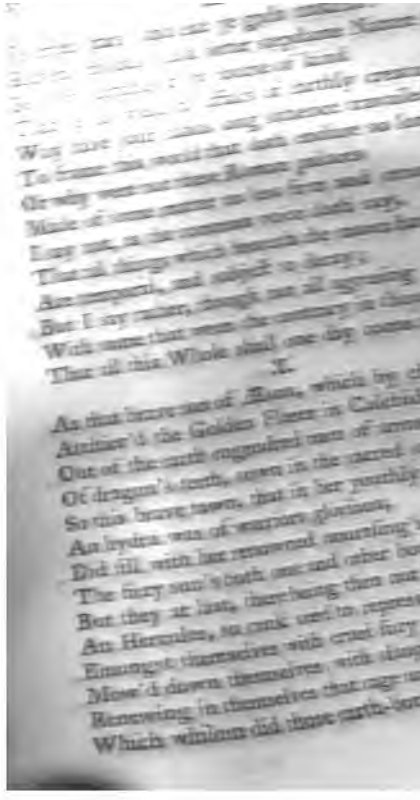
recynthian goddess bright,
harret, with high turrets crown'd,
o many gods she brought to light,
is city in her good days found;
more than that great Phrygian mother,
for fruit of famous progeny,
reatness, by the greatness of none other,
er self her equal match could see:
nly might to Rome compared be,
dy Rome could make great Rome to tremble;
the gods by heavenly doom decree
other earthly powre should not resemble
hat did match the whole earth's puissaunce,
did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye sacred Ruines! and ye tragick Sights!
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old moniments, which of so famous sprigh
The honour yet in ashes do maintain;
Triumphant arks, spyres neighbours to the
That you to see doth th' heaven it self appa
Alas! by little ye to nothing fly,
The peoples fable and the spoil of all;
And though your frames do for a time mak
'Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruina
Your works and names, and your last reliq
My sad desires rest therefore moderate;
For if that time make end of thing so sure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

VIII.

Through arms and vassals Rome the world
That one would ween that one sole city's s
Both land and sea in roundness had surviey
To be the measure of her breadth and leng
This people's vertue yet so fruitful was
Of vertuous nephews, that posterity,
Striving in powre their grand-fathers to p
The lowest earth joyn'd to the heavens high
To th' end that having all parts in their pc
Nought from the Roman empire might be
And thatthough Time dothcommon-wealths
Yet no time should so low embase their hi
That her head earth'd in her foundation de
Should not her name and endless honour

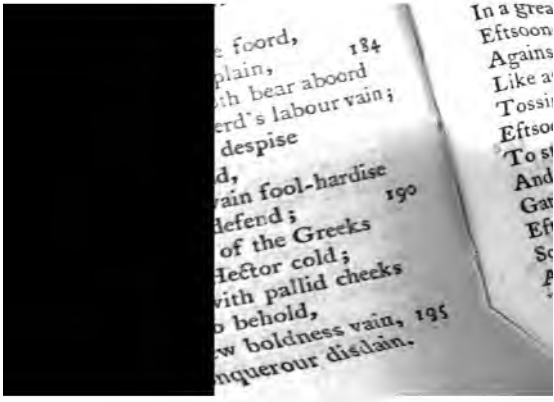


XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortal puissaunce
Puft up with pride of Roman hardyhed,
Seem'd above Heaven's powre it self t' advaunce,
Cooling again his former kindled heat,
With which he had those Roman spirits fill'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothick cold hot rage instill'd?
Then 'gan that nation, th' earth's new giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down these walls with furious mood
Into her mother's bosom, all did mar,
To th' end that none, all were it Jove his sire,
Should boast himself of the Romane empire.

XII.

Like as whilom the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to scale the starry skye,
And fight against the gods of heavenly birth,
Whiles Jove at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All suddenly, with lightning overthrown,
The furious squadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' earth, under her children's weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all;
So did that haughty front which heaped was
On these seven Roman hills, it self uprear
Over the world, and lift her lofty face
Against the heaven, that 'gan her force to fear:
But now the scorned fields bemone her fall,
And gods secure fear not her force at all.


e foord,
plain,
th bear aboord
erd's labour vain;
despise
d,
ain fool-hardise
lefend;
of the Greeks
Hector cold;
with pallid cheeks
o behold,
w boldness vain,
nquerour disdain.
In a grea
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XV.

Ye pallid Spirits! and ye ashie Ghosts!
Which joyning in the brightness of your day, [boasts,
Brought forth those signs of your presumptuous
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray;
Tell me, ye Spirits! (sith the darksom river
Of Styx, not passable to souls returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Do not restrain your images still mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Roman works, built with your hands,
Now to become nought else but heaped sands?

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from far
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyse,
Eftsoons of thousand billows shouldred nar,
Against a rock to break with dreadful poyse;
Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
Tossing huge tempests through the troubled sky,
Eftsoons having his wide wings spent in wast,
To stop his weary cariere suddenly;
And as ye see huge flames spread diversly,
Gather'd in one up to the heavens to spire,
Eftsoons consum'd to fall down feebily;
So whylom did this monarchy aspire
As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls
Were first enclosures but of salvage s
And these brave palaces, which maist
Of Time, were shepherds' cottages so
Then took the shepherds kingly ornar
And the stout hynd arm'd his right ha
Eftsoons their rule of yearly president
Grew great, and six months greater a
Which made perpetual, rose to so gre
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rootin
Till th' heaven it self opposing 'gains
Her power to Peter's successor betook
Who shepherd-like (as Fates the sam
Doth shew that all things turn to thei

XIX.

All that is perfect which th' heaven beautifies,
All that's imperfect, born below the moon,
All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes,
And all that doth consume our pleasures soon;
All the mishap the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a Pandora, locked long in store:
But Destiny, this huge chaos turmoyling,
In which all good and evil was enclosed,
Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage loosed:
But their great sins, the causers of their pain,
Under these antique ruines yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
Eftsoons in compass arch'd, to steep his hed,
Doth plonge himself in Thetys' bosom fair;
And mounting up again from whence he came,
With his great belly spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame
In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is horld:
This city, which was first but shepherd's shade,
Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
That queen of land and sea her self she made:
At last, not able to bear so great weight,
Her power disperst through all the world did vade,
To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXIII.

wary wisdom of the man, that would
'hat Carthage towres from spoil should be forborn!
'o th' end that his victorious people should
With cankring leisure not be overworn!
He well foresaw how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
Through idleness would turn to civil rage,
And be her self the matter of her fires:
For in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily;
As in a vicious body, gross disease,
Soon grows through humours superfluity.
That came to pass, when, swoln with plenty's pride,
Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would abide.

XXIV.

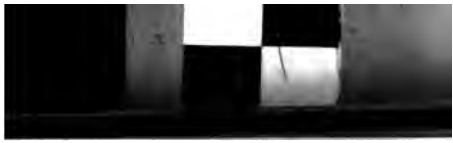
If the blind fury which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equal beasts,
Whether they fare on foot or fly aloft,
Or armed be with claws or scaly creasts,
What fell Erynnis with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noisom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye Romans!) your hard destiny,
Or some old sin, whose unappeased guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers' blood, the which at first was spilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure
Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in
The which this ancient city whilom ma
Or that I had Amphion's instrument,
To quicken with his vital notes' accord
The stony joints of these old walls, now
By which th' Ausonian light might be
Or that at least I could with pencil fine
Fashion the pourtracts of these palaces
By pattern of great Virgil's spirit divine
I would weary with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty stile,
That which no hands can ever more com

XXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to f
Him needeth not to seek for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to m
Her length, her breadth, her deepness, o
But him behooves to view in compass ro
All that the Ocean grasps in his long arm
Be it where th' yearly star doth scorch th
Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storm
Rome was th' whole world, and all the
And if things nam'd their names do equa
When land and sea ye name, then name
And naming Rome ye land and sea comp
For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed p
The map of all the wide world doth co



XXXVII.

'hou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold
'he antique pride which menaced the sky,
'hese haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
'hese walls, these arks, these baths, these temples hie,
ıdge by these ample Ruins' view the rest
'he which injurious Time hath quite outworn,
ince of all workmen held in reckning best,
'et these old fragments are for patterns born:
'hen also mark how Rome from day to day,
epairing her decayed fashion
enews herself with buildings rich and gay,
'hat one would judge that the Roman dæmon
oth yet himself with fatal hand enforce,
gain on foot to rear her pouldred corse.

XXVIII.

e that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
'et clad with reliques of some trophees old,
ifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Vhose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
ut half disbowel'd lies above the ground,
hewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
ınd on her trunk, all rotten and unsound,
nly supports her self for meat of worms,
ınd though she owe her fall to the first wind,
'et of the devout people is ador'd,
ınd many young plants spring out of her rind;
Vho such an oak hath seen, let him record
'hat such this city's honour was of yore,
nd 'mongst all cities flourished much more.

XXIX.

...pt whilom did devise,
...ence their temples to embrave,
Attick, Dorick guise, 395
...'d in curious works to grave;
...s' practick art could form,
Phidias his skill,
ancient city to adorn,
self with her wide wonders fill: 400
...h Athens ever brought forth wise,
...ch Africk ever brought forth strange,
...ch Asia ever had of prise,
...o see. O marvailous great change! 405
...g was the world's sole ornament,
... is now the world's sole moniment!

XXX.

...he seeded field green grass first shows,
...om green grass into a stalk doth spring,
...om a stalk into an ear forth grows,
... ear the fruitful grain doth shortly bring; 410
...as in season due the husband mows
...waving locks of those fair yellow hairs,
...ch bound in sheaves, and laid in comely rows,
...on the naked fields in stacks he rears; 415
... grew the Roman empire by degree,
...ll that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
...nd left of it but these old marks to see,
...f which all passers-by do somewhat pill;
...s they which glean, the reliques use to gather
...hich th' husbandman behind him chanst to scatter.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this world's pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever doost abide
By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
Ne Africk thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemain,
Nor the born souldier which Rhine running drinks:
Thou only cause, O civil Fury! art,
Which sowing in th' Æmathian fields thy spight,
Didst arm thy hand against thy proper heart,
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatness grown, through long prosperity,
Thou then adown might'st fall more horribly.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses! that posterity
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortality
So mean harp's work may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven any endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble do appear,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'less my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,
Cease not to sound these old antiquities,
For if that Time do let thy glory live,
Well may'st thou boast, how ever base thou be,
That thou art first which of thy nation song
*Th' old hon*our of the people gowned long.

L'ENVOY.

BELLAY! first garland of free poesy
That France brought forth, though fruitful
Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long hast travel'd by thy learned wri
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decays;
Needs must he all eternity survive,
That can to other give eternal days.
Thy days, therefore, are endless, and thy
Excelling all that ever went before;
And after thee 'gins Bartas hie to raise
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to ador
Live, happy Spirits! th' honour of your n
And fill the world with never-dying fame.

THE RUINES OF T

To the right noble and beautiful l

MARY, COUNTESS OF PE

MOST honourable and bountiful La
sithens deep sowed in my breast the
tire love and humble affection unto
knight, your noble brother, decease
root, began in his lifetime somewh
and to show themselves to him, as t
ness of their first spring, and wo
strength (had it pleased high God
out his days) spired forth fruit of
but since God hath disdeigned the u
noble spirit, which was the hope of
and the patron of my young Mu
him both their hope of any further
and also the tender delight of thos
soms nipped and quite dead: yet
coming into England, some friends
might much prevail with me, and
me) knowing with how straight
was tyed to him, and also boun
house, (of which the chief hope th

Much was I moved at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breast,
With tender ruth to see her sore constraint,
That shedding tears awhile, I still did rest,
And after did her name of her request:
" Name have I none, (quoth she) nor any being,
" Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing.

" I was that city which the garland wore
" Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
" By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
" Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
" And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
" Verlame I was; what boots it that I was,
" Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?

" O vain world's glory, and unstedfast state
" Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!
" Which from their first until their utmost date
" Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth,
" But like as at the ingate of their birth,
" They crying creep out of their mother's womb,
" So wailing back go to their woeful tomb.

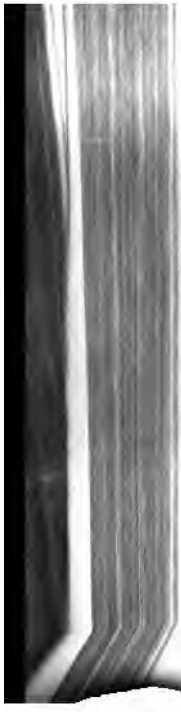
" Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
" Hunt after honour and advauncement vain,
" And rear a trophee for devouring Death,
" With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
" As if his days for ever should remain?
" Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
" *Doth as a* vapour vanish and decay.

" Look back who list unto the former ages,
" And call to count what is of them become,
" Where be those learned wits and antique sages
" Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
" Where those great warriors which did overcome
" The world with conquest of their might and main,
" And made one mear of th' earth and of their reign?

" What now is of th' Assyrian Lioness,
" Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
" What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
" Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
" Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
" That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
" And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

" And where is that same great Seven-headed beast,
" That made all nations vassals of her pride,
" To fall before her feet at her behest,
" And in the neck of all the world did ride?
" Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
" With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
" And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

" O Rome! thy ruin I lament and rue,
" And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
" That whilom was, whilst Heavens with equal view
" Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts bestow,
" The picture of thy pride in pompous show;
" And of the whole world as thou wast the empress,
" *So I of this* small northern world was princess.



" That by my foes are now all sp
" To tell my forces, matchable to
" Were but lost labour, that few
" And with rehearsing would me

" High towers, fair temples, good
" Strong walls, rich porches, prin
" Large streets, brave houses, sac
" Sure gates, sweet gardens, state
" Wrought with fair pillors and
" All those (O pity!) now are t
" And overgrown with black obl

" Thereto for warlike power and
" In Britanny was none to match
" That many often did aby full s
" Ne Troynovant, though elder s
" With my great forces may com
" That stout Pendragon to his pe
" Who in a siege seven years abo

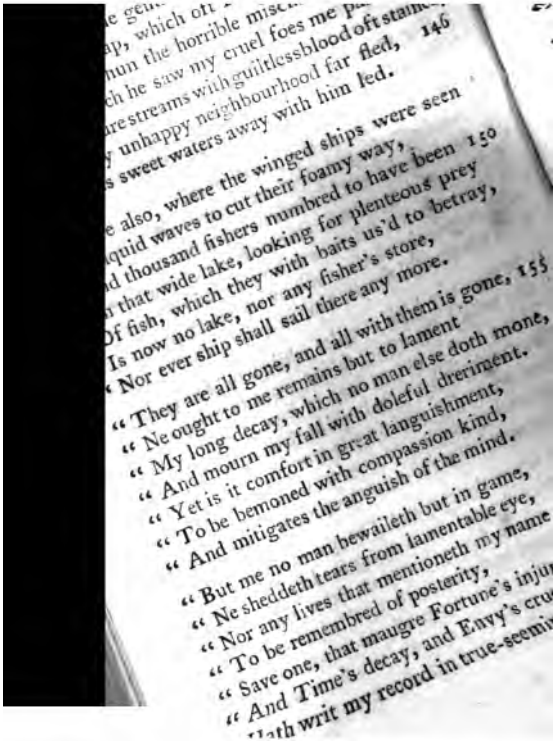
" But long e'er this Bunduca, Br
" Her mighty hoast against my b
" Bunduca! that victorious conq
" That lifting up her brave heroi
" 'Bove women's weakness, with th
" *Fought*, and in field against then
" *Yet* was she foil'd whenas she

" And though at last by force I conquer'd wer
" Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall,
" Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full c
" And priz'd with slaughter of their general,
" The monument of whose sad funeral,
" For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
" But now to nought, through spoil of time, is was

" Wasted it is, as if it never were,
" And all the rest, that me so honour'd made,
" And of the world admired every where,
" Is turn'd to smoak, that doth to nothing fade
" And of that brightness now appears no shad
" But grisly shades, such as do haunt in hell
" With fearful fiends, that in deep darkness dv

" Where my high steeples whilom us'd to stan
" On which the lordly falcon wont to towre,
" There now is but an heap of lime and sand,
" For the skriech-owl to build her baleful bowre;
" And where the nightingale wont forth to pou
" Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful lover
" There now haunt yelling mews and whining plo

" And where the chrystal Thamis wont to sli
" In silver channel down along the lee,
" About whose flowry banks on either side
" A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollitee,
" Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
" There now no river's course is to be seen,
" But moorish fens, and marches ever green.

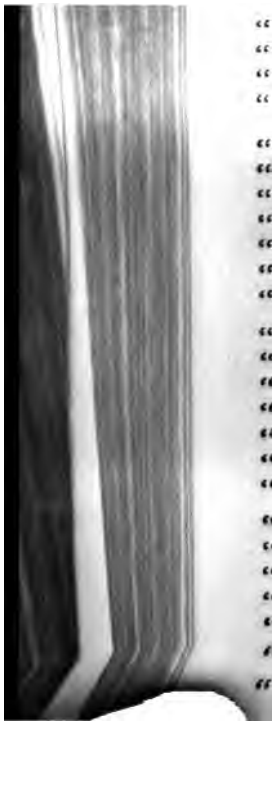


" Cambden! the nourice of Antiquity,
" And lanthorn unto late succeeding age,
" To see the light of simple verity,
" Buried in ruines, through the great outrag
" Of her own people, led with warlike rage;
" Cambden! though time all monuments ol
" Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

" But why (unhappy Wight!) do I thus cr
" And grieve that my remembrance quite is
" Out of the knowledge of posterity,
" And all my antique monuments defaced?
" Sith I do daily see things highest placed,
" So soon as Fates their vital thred have sh
" Forgotten quite, as they were never born.

" It is not long since these two eyes beheld
" A mighty prince, of most renowned race,
" Whom England high in count of honour
" And greatest ones did sue to gain his grac
" Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
" Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
" And, right and loyal, did his word mainta

" I saw him die, I saw him die as one
" Of the mean people, and brought forth on
" I saw him die, and no man left to mone
" His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
" Scarce any left to close his eye-lids near;
" Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
" *The sacred sod*, or *requiem* to say,



" When painted faces with smoc
" Do fawn on you, and your wid
" And when the courting master
" Him true in heart and trusty to

" All is but feigned, and with oul
" That every shower will wash an
" All things do change that und
" And after death all friendship
" Therefore, what-ever man bea
" Living, on God and on thy sel
" For when thou diest all shall v

" He now is dead, and all is with
" Save what in heaven's storehou
" His hope is fail'd, and come t
" And evil men (now dead) his
" Spight bites the dead, that livi
" He now is gone, the whiles th
" Into the hole the which the ba

" He now is dead, and all his glo
" And all his greatness vapoure
" That as a glass upon the wate
" Which vanisht quite so soon a
" His name is worn already out
" *Ne any* poet seeks him to revi
" *Yet many* poets honour'd hi

" Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
" Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise:
" Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
" Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to praise:
" Praise whoso list, yet I will him dispraise,
" Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
" Wake, shepherd's Boy, at length awake for shame.

" And whoso else did goodness by him gain,
" And whoso else his bounteous mind did try,
" Whether he shepherd be or shepherd's swain,
" (For many did, which do it now deny)
" Awake, and to his song a part apply:
" And I, the whilst you mourn for his decease,
" Will with my mourning plaint your plaint increase.

" He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
" His brother prince, his brother noble peer,
" That whilst he lived was of none envyde,
" And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
" Dear unto all that true affection bear;
" But unto thee most dear, O dearest Dame!
" His noble spouse, and paragon of fame,

" He, whilst he lived, happy was through thee,
" And being dead, is happy now much more;
" Living, that linked chaunst with thee to be,
" And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
" As living, and thy lost dear love deplore:
" So whilst that thou, fair flower of Chastity!
" *Doost live*, by thee thy lord shall never die.

" Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
" Shall live, and surely it shall live full ever;
" For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
" His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
" Though death his soul do from his body sever:
" And thou thy self herein shalt also live,
" Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.

" Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die;
" Thy father, that good earl of rare renown,
" And noble patron of weak poverty!
" Whose great good deeds in country and in town
" Have purchast him in heaven a happy crown,
" Where he now liveth in eternal bliss,
" And left his son t'ensue those steps of his.

" He, noble Bud! his grandsire's lively heir,
" Under the shadow of thy countenance
" Now gins to shoot up fast, and flourish fair
" In learned arts and goodly governance,
" That him to highest honour shall advance.
" Brave Imp of Bedford! grow apace in bount
" And count of wisdom more than of thy coun

" Ne may I let thy husband's sister die,
" That goodly lady, sith she eke did spring
" Out of this stock and famous family,
" Whose praises I to future age do sing,
" And forth out of her happy womb did brin
" The sacred brood of learning and all honor
" In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts up

" Most gentle spirit, breathed from above,
" Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
" In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
" Appeared in their native propertis,
" And did enrich that noble breast of his
" With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
" Worthy of heaven it self, which brought it forth.

" His blessed spirit, full of power divine,
" And influence of all celestial grace,
" Loathing this sinful earth and earthly slime,
" Fled back too soon unto his native place;
" Too soon for all that did his love embrace;
" Too soon for all this wretched world, whom he
" Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

" Yet ere his happy soul to heaven went
" Out of this fleshly goal, he did devise
" Unto his heavenly Maker to present
" His body as a spotless sacrifice,
" And chose that guilty hands of enemies
" Should pour forth th' offring of his guiltless blood;
" So life exchanging for his country's good.

" O noble Spirit! live there ever blessed,
" The world's late wonder, and the heaven's new joy;
" Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
" With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy:
" But where thou doost that happiness enjoy,
" Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
" That happy there I may thee always see!

" Provide, therefore, (ye Princes!) whilst ye live,
" That of the Muses ye may friended be,
" Which unto men eternity do give;
" For they be daughters of Dame Memory
" And Jove, the father of Eternity,
" And do those men in golden thrones repose,
" Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

" The seven-fold yron gates of grisly hell,
" And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
" They able are with power of mighty spell
" To break, and thence the souls to bring away
" Out of drad darkness to eternal day,
" And them immortal make which else would die
" In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

" So whylom raised they the puissant brood
" Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
" Out of the dust to which the Oetæan wood
" Had him consum'd, and spent his vital spirit
" To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
" All happiness in Hebe's silver bow'r,
" Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

" So rais'd they eke fair Leda's warlike Twins,
" And interchanged life unto them lent,
" That when th' one dies, th' other then begins
" To shew in heaven his brightness orient;
" And they, for pity of the sad wayment
" Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
" Her back again to life sent for his sake.

) happy are they, and so fortunate,
Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
That freed from bands of implacable fate,
And powre of death, they live for ay above,
Where mortal wreaks their bliss may not remove,
But with the gods, for former vertue's meed,
On nectar and ambrosia do feed.

For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do in themselves decay,
" But wise words, taught in numbers for to run,
" Recorded by the Muses, live for ay,
" Ne may with storming showers be washt away;
" Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blast,
" Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

" In vain do earthly princes then, in vain,
" Seek with pyramides to heaven aspired,
" Or huge Colosses built with costly pain,
" Or brasen pillows never to be fired,
" Or shrines made of the metal most desired,
" To make their memories for ever live;
" For how can mortal immortality give?

" Such one Mausolus made, the world's great wonder,
" But now no remnant doth thereof remain;
" Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder;
" Such one Lisippus, but is worn with rain;
" Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
" All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
" *Devour'd* of Time, in time to nought do pass.

But Fame, with golden wings aloft doth fly
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
Admir'd of base-born men from far away;
Then whoso will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweet poets' verse be glorifide.

" For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
" Could save the son of Thetis from to die,
" But that blind bard did him immortal make
" With verses dipt in dew of Castalie,
" Which made the Eastern conquerour to cry,
" O fortunate young Man! whose vertue found
" So brave a tromp thy noble acts to sound.

" Therefore, in this half happy I do read
" Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
" To sing his living praises being dead,
" Deserving never here to be forgot,
" In spight of Envy, that his deeds would spot:
" Since whose decease learning lies unregarded,
" And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

" These two be those two great calamities
" That long ago did grieve the noble spright
" Of Salomon with great indignities,
" Who whilom was alive the wisest wight;
" But now his wisdom is disproved quight;
" For he that now welds all things at his will,
" [illegible] and th' other in his deeper skill

" O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
" To see that vertue should despised be
" Of such as first were rais'd for vertuous parts,
" And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
" Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be:
" O! let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,
" Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned!

" O vile world's trust, that with such vain illusion
" Hath so wise men bewitcht and overkest,
" That they see not the way of their confusion!
" O vainness to be added to the rest,
" That doth my soul with inward grief infest!
" Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
" And in my case their own ensample see.

" And whoso else that sits in highest seat
" Of this world's glory, worshipped of all,
" Ne feareth change of time nor Fortune's threat,
" Let him behold the horror of my fall,
" And his own end unto remembrance call,
" That of like ruine he may warned be,
" And in himself be mov'd to pity me."

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
With doleful shrieks she vanished away,
That I through inward sorrow wexen faint,
And all astonished with deep dismay
For her departure, had no word to say,
But sate long time in sensless sad affright,
Looking still if I might of her have sight.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
My thought returned grieved home again,
Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
For ruth of that same woman's piteous pain;
Whose words recording in my troubled brain,
I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groaning breast,
And deeply musing at her doubtful speech,
Whose meaning much I laboured forth to wrest,
Being above my slender reason's reach,
At length, by demonstration me to teach,
Before mine eyes strange sights presented were,
Like tragick pageants seeming to appear.

I.

I saw an Image all of massie gold,
Placed on high upon an altar fair,
That all which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest stair:
Not that great idol might with this compare,
To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
The holy brethren falsly to have praid.

But th' altar on the which this Image staid,
Was (O great pity!) built of brittle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With show'rs of heaven and tempest worn aw
Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of every one which by it went,
That I it seeing dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone that might be found.
And nigh unto the heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandy ground:
Not that great towre which is so much renown'd
For tongues' confusion in Holy Writ,
King Ninus' work, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
That builds so strongly on so frail a soil
As with each storm does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travail's toil
To be the prey of Time and Fortune's spoil!
I saw this Towre fall suddenly to dust,
That nigh with grief thereof my heart was brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise,
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful sprights:
Not that which Merlin by his magick slights
Made for the gentle squire to entertain
His fair Belphœbe, could this garden stain.

But O short pleasure, bought with lasting pain!
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly bliss, and joy in pleasures vain?
Since that I saw this Garden wasted quight,
That where it was scarce seemed any sight,
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

IV.

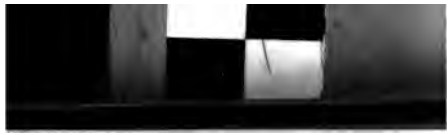
Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of speech and meek of nature:
Not he which in despight of his Creatour
With railing terms defy'd the Jewish hoast,
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean overstr
And reach his hand into his enemies' hoast:
But see the end of pomp and fleshly pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyss,
Where dround with him is all his earthly bliss.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to th' other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' uphold,
But like the coloured rainbow arched wide:
Not that great arch which Trajan edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah! what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory or in greatness to excel,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fastned well,
'Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell;
Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pained.



VI.

aw two Bears, as white as any milk,
ing together in a mighty cave,
mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
iat salvage nature seemed not to have,
r after greedy spoil of blood to crave:
vo fairer beasts might not else-where be found,
though the compast world were sought around.

it what can long abide above this ground
state of bliss, or stedfast happiness?
ie cave, in which these Bears lay sleeping sound,
'as but of earth, and with her weightiness
)on them fell, and did unwares oppress,
hat for great sorrow of their sudden fate
:nceforth all world's felicity I hate.

uch was I troubled in my heavy spright
t sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
hat all my senses were bereaved quight,
nd I in mind remained sore agast,
istraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at last
heard a voice which loudly to me call'd,
hat with the suddain shrill I was appall'd.

ehold, (said it) and by ensample see
hat all is vanity and grief of mind,
e other comfort in this world can be
ut hope of heaven, and heart to God inclin'd,
or all the rest must needs be left behind:
Vith that it bade me to the other side
'o *cast mine* eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

Upon that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy Swan, of heavenly hue
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strimonian brood might no man view;
There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.

At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forwarn'd to die,
With lofty flight about the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilst thus I looked, loe adown the lee
I saw an Harp, strung all with silver twine,
And made of gold and costly ivory,
Swimming, that whilom seemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild beasts and forrests after him to lead;
But was th' Harp of Phillisides now dead.

At length out of the river it was rear'd,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind;

now in heaven a sign it doth appear,
Harp, well known beside the Northern Bear.

III.

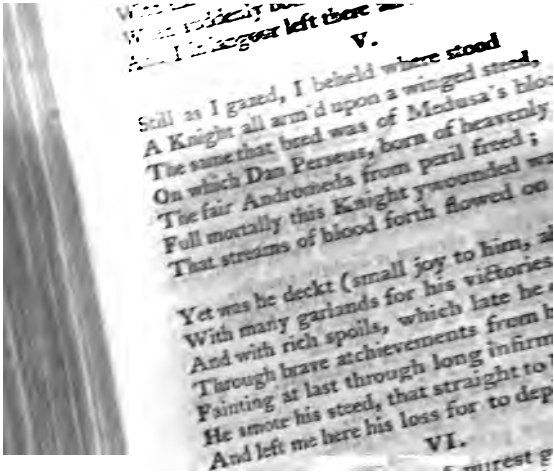
after this I saw on th' other side
ious Coffer made of heben wood,
in it did most precious treasure hide,
ding all this baser worldes good;
hrough the overflowing of the flood
nost drowned was, and done to nought,
sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.

ngth, when most in peril it was brought,
angels down descending with swift flight,
of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
'twixt their blessed arms it carried quight
e the reach of any living sight;
w it is transform'd into that star
ich all heavenly treasures locked are.

IV.

ing aside, I saw a stately Bed,
ned all with costly cloth of gold,
might for any prince's couch be red,
deckt with dainty flowres, as if it should
r some bride, her joyous night to hold;
ein a goodly virgin sleeping lay,
rer wight saw never summer's-day.

rd a voice that called far away,
her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
oe her bridegroom was in ready ray



V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd upon a winged steed,
The same that bred was of Medusa's blo
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly
The fair Andromeda from peril freed;
Full mortally this Knight y-wounded wa
That streams of blood forth flowed on

Yet was he deckt (small joy to him, al
With many garlands for his victories
And with rich spoils, which late he
Through brave atchievements from h
Fainting at last through long infirm
He smote his steed, that straight to
And left me here his loss for to dep

VI.

At last, me seem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The Ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife;
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

L'ENVOY.

IMMORTAL Spirit of Phillisides!
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whilom wast the world's chiefest riches,
Give leave to him that lov'd thee to lament
His loss, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighs, to deck thy sable herse.

And ye, fair Lady! th' honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts scorn,
Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping tears t' adorn;
And as ye be of heavenly off-spring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aspire,
And loath this dross of sinful world's desire.

MUIOPOTMOS:
OR,
THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

To the right worthy and vertuous Lady,

THE LADY CAREY.

MOST brave and bountiful Lady! for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits; therefore I have determined to give my self wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my self, and absolutely vowed to your services, which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage to have the person yielded. My person I wot well how little worth it is; but the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship, may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof, which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to spend it self in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable, as for that honourable name which ye have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spred in the mouths of all men; with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and under your name to commend to the world this small Poem the which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth and of all things therein according to your wont graciousness to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly,

EDMUND SPEN

MUIOPOTMOS, &c.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemesis' despight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawn into arms and proof of mortal fight
Through proud ambition and heart swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the other's greater might
And 'sdainful scorn endure, that from small jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of Nine!
That wont'st the tragick stage for to direct
In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect
Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable nor more fair,
Whilst Heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir
Of Muscarol, and in his father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged brest he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardy-hed,
Above th' ensample of his equal peers,

d largely promise, and to him fore-red
Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
hat he in time would sure prove such an one
as should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsom sloth, or hours in ease to waste,
But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast,
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire:

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's hight,
Whence down descending, he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find,
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's-day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world hath quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending, did his beams abroad disspred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smil'd
Young Clarion with vauntful lustyhed
After his guise did cast abroad to fare,
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound,
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcane made to shield
Achille's life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil, his ornament to be;
Which spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the lyon's skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricalch from strange Phœnice,
But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike brigandine applide

To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do hide;
So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorns.

Lastly, his shiny wings, as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing far
All painters' skill, he did about him dight:
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow, ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star,
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envide,
And wisht that two such fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

't is that Dame Venus, on a day
ing, when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground,
ing abroad with all her nymphs to play,
ber fair damsels, flocking her around,
ather flowres, her forehead to array;
igst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
t Astery, excelling all the crew
urteous usage and unstained hue;

being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
more industrious, gathered more store
e field's honour than the others best,
:h they in secret hearts envying sore,
Venus, when her as the worthiest
)rais'd, that Cupid (as they heard before)
end her secret aid in gathering
her lap the children of the Spring.

reof the goddess gathering jealous fear,
yet unmindful how not long ago
son to Psyche secret love did bear,
long it close conceal'd, till mickle wo
:eof arose, and many a rueful tear,
on with sudden rage did overgo,
giving hasty credit to th' accuser,
; led away of them that did abuse her.

oons that damsel by her heavenly might
turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
he wide air to make her wandring flight;
! *all those* flowres with which so plenteously

Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were;
Since which that Fly them in her wings doth bear.

Thus the fresh Clarion being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himself address,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Over the fields in his frank lustiness,
And all the champain o'er he soared light,
And all the country wide he did possess,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassie fens' delights untride:
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t'abide;
His choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights;
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odors and alluring sights;
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire
T'excel the natural with made delights;
And all that fair or pleasant may be found
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flower and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most variety,
And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbs most meet,
Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
And then he pearcheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To spoil the pleasures of that paradise:
The wholsom sage, and lavender still gray,
Rank-smelling rue, and cummin, good for eyes,
The roses reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp isop, good for green wounds' remedies,
Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thime,
Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking prime:

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale,
Fresh costmary, and breathful camomil,
Dull popy, and drink-quickning setuale,

Vein-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound savory, and bazil, harty-hale,
Fat colworts, and comforting perseline,
Cold lettice, and refreshing rosmarine;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth prey;
Then when he hath both plaid and fed his fill,
In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisance
Of all his gladfulness and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from earth to highest sky;
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious featu
To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And least mishap the most bless alter may?
For thousand perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our decay,
That none, except a god, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleshly wight
Fore-cast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some
Do serve to them, and with importune might
War against us, the vassals of their will:
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion! though fairest thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy, happy Fly!
Whose cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy misery;
Ne may thee help the many a hearty vow
Which thy old sire with sacred piety
Hath poured forth for thee, and th' altars sprent;
Nought may thee save from heaven's avengement.

It fortuned (as Heavens had behight)
That in this garden where young Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of Spight,
Had lately built his hateful mansion,
And lurking closely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot dispacing to and fro,
Fearless of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord! how he 'gan for to bestir him tho,

And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yern against his hated fo,
And bowels so with rankling poison swell'd,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion held.

The cause why he this Fly so maliced
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having heard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fill'd,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield;
But the presumptuous damsel rashly dar'd
The goddess' self to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they sit, and each doth chuse
What story she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Jove did abuse
Europa like a bull, and on his back
Her through the sea did bear, so lively seen,
That it true sea and true bull ye would ween.

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near;
But (Lord!) how she in every member shook,
When as the land she saw no more appear,
But a wild wilderness of waters deep,
Then 'gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove;
The one his bow and shafts, the other spring
A burning tead about his head did move,
As in their sire's new love both triumphing;
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons, which their horns did sound.

And round about her work she did empale,
With a fair border, wrought of sundry flow'rs,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trayle;
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs,
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then 'gan the goddess bright
Her self likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try;
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,

To judge the strife between them stirred late;
Each of the gods by his like visnomy
Eath to be known, but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forked ma
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The sign by which he challengeth the place,
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous mig
Did surely deem the victory his due;
But seldom seen forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her self she gives her Ægide shield,
And steel-head spear, and morion on her head,
Such as she oft is seen in warlike field;
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dred
She smote the ground, the which straight forth didy
A fruitful olive-tree, with berries spred,
That all the gods admir'd; then all the story
She compass'd with a wreath of olives hoary.

Emongst those leaves she made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight;
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is dight,
His broad out-stretched horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eyes.

:h when Arachne saw, as overlaid
mastered with workmanship so rare,
tood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid,
with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
by her silence, sign of one dismaid,
victory did yield her as her share;
lid she inly fret and felly burn,
all her blood to poisonous rancour turn;

shortly from the shape of womanhed,
as she was when Pallas she attempted,
rew to hideous shape of drerihed,
l with grief of folly late repented:
ions her white strait legs were altered
rooked crawling shanks, of marrow empted,
her fair face to foul and loathsom hue,
her fine corps to a bag of venom grew.

cursed creature, mindful of that old
stred grudge the which his mother felt,
on as Clarion he did behold,
ieart with vengeful malice inly swelt,
weaving straight a net with many a fold
at the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
i fine small cords about it stretched wide,
nely spun that scarce they could be spide.

iny damsel, which her vaunteth most
.ilful knitting of soft silken twine,
any weaver, which his work doth boast
aper, in damask, or in lyne;

Nor any skill'd in workmanship emboss'd;
Nor any skill'd in loups of fingring fine,
Might in their diverse cunning ever dare
With this so curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtile gin
The which the Lemnian god fram'd craftily,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,
That all the gods, with common mockery,
Might laugh at them, and scorn their shamefu
Was like to this: this same he did apply
For to entrap the careless Clarion,
That rang'd each where without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walk'd at will and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wist he his fatal future woe,
But was secure; the liker he to fall!
He likest is to fall into mischance
That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Aragnol (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dress'd in good order as he could devise.
At length the foolish Fly, without foresight,
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Towards those parts came flying carelesly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who seeing him, with secret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vein,
And his false heart, fraught with all treason's store,
Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain:
Himself he close upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noise, ne any motion, made.

Like as a wily fox, that having spide
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lies in ambushment of his hoped prey,
Ne stirreth limb, till seeing ready tide
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares;
So to his work Aragnol him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where shall I find lamentable cryes
And mournful tunes enough my grief to show?
Help, O thou tragick Muse! me to devise,
Notes sad enough t' express this bitter throw,
For loe! the drery stownd is now arrived,
That of all happiness hath us deprived.

The luckless Clarion, whether cruel Fate
Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,
Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
Of Æole's reign perforce him drove on hed,

Was (O sad hap, and hour unfortunate!)
With violent swift flight forth carried
Into the cursed cobweb which his foe
Had framed for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly entangled, struggled long,
Himself to free thereout; but all in vain;
For striving more, the more in laces strong
Himself he tide, and wrapt his winges twain
In limy snares the subtil loops among,
That in the end he breathless did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the griesly tyrant did espy,
Like a grim lion rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedily
On the resistless prey, and with fell spight,
Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
Into his heart, that his deep-groaning spright
In bloody streams forth fled into the air,
His body left the spectacle of care.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

IN SIX CANTOS.

To the right noble Lady,

MARY,

Daughter to the most illustrious Prince,

GEORGE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MOST noble Lady! I have presumed to present this Poem to your honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author, (for I am certainly assured, by the ablest and most knowing men, that it must be a work of Spenser's, of whom it were pity that any thing should be lost) and doubting not but your Ladyship will graciously accept, though from a mean hand, this humble present, since the man that offers it is a true honourer and observer of your self and your princely family, and shall ever remain

The humblest of your devoted servants,

THOMAS WALKLEY.

MARTIAL.

Accipe facundi culicem studiose Maronis,
Ne nugis positis, arma virumque canas.

SEE here that stately Muse that erst could raise
In lasting numbers great Eliza's praise,
And dress fair Vertue in so rich attire,
That even her foes were forced to admire
And court her heavenly beauty! She that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleased here
To slack her serious flight, and feed your ear
With love's delightsom toys: do not refuse
These harmless sports; 'tis learned Spenser's Mu
But think his loosest poems worthier than
The serious follies of unskilful men.

BRITAIN'S IDA.

CANTO I.

The Argument.

The youthly shepherds wonning here,
And beauties rare displaid, appear;
What exercise he chief affects,
His same and scornful love neglects.

In Ida vale, (who knows not Ida vale?)
When harmless Troy yet felt not Græcian spite,
An hundred shepherds wonn'd, and in the dale,
While their fair flocks the three-leav'd pastures bite,
The shepherds boys, with hundred sportlings light,
Gave wings unto the time's too speedy haste:
Ah, foolish Lads! that strove with lavish waste
So fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

II.

Amongst the rest, that all the rest excell'd,
A dainty boy there wonn'd, whose harmless years
Now in their freshest budding gently swell'd;
His nymph-like face ne'er felt the nimble sheers,
Youth's downy blossom through his cheek appears;
His lovely limbs (but love he quite discarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

III.

High was his fore-head, arch'd with silver mould,
(Where never anger churlish wrinkle dighted)
His auburn locks hung like dark threds of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play amongst their wanton curles delighted;

His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
Ah! how should truth in those thief eyes be stor'd,
Which thousand loves had stoln, and never one re-
[stor'd?

IV.

His lilly-cheek might seem an ivory plain,
More purely white than frozen Appenine,
Where lovely Bashfulness did sweetly reign,
In blushing scarlet cloth'd in purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful shrine,
(Still cold it self) inflam'd with hot desire,
That well the face might seem in divers tire,
To be a burning snow, or else a freezing fire.

V.

His cheerful looks and merry face would prove
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked Love;
Of all the other parts enough is said,
That they were fit twins for so fair a head:
Thousand boys for him, thousand maidens dy'd;
Die they that list, for such his rigorous pride,
He thousand boys (ah, Fool!) and thousand maids
[deny'd.

VI

His joy was not in musick's sweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning art)
Or daintier songs to daintier ears t'indite,
But through the plains to chase the nimble hart
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certain dart
The tusked boar or savage bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monsters doth abound;
Ah, Fool! to seek so far what nearer might be found.

VII.

name (well known unto those woody shades,
here unrewarded lovers oft complain them)
chises was; Anchises oft the glades
d mountains heard, Anchises had disdain'd them;
t all their love one gentle look had gain'd them,
at rocky hills, with ecchoing noise consenting,
chises plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
rder than rocky hills laught at their vain lamenting.

CANTO II.

The Argument.

Dione's garden of Delight,
With wonder holds Anchises' sight;
While from the bower such musick sounds,
As all his senses near confounds.

I.

NE day it chanc't as he the deer persu'd,
red with sport, and faint with weary play,
ir Venus' grove not far away he view'd,
hose trembling leaves invite him there to stay,
nd in their shades his sweeting limbs display;
nere in the cooling glade he softly paces,
nd much delighted with their even spaces,
hat in himself he scorn'd, he prais'd their kind
imbraces.

II.

The wood with Paphian myrtles peopled,
(Whose springing youth felt never winter's spiti
To laurels sweet were sweetly married,
Doubling their pleasing smells in their uniting
When single much, much more when mix'd delig
No foot of beast durst touch this hallow'd place, [i
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with fear, but soon turn'd back his frigh

III. [fa

The thick-lock'd boughs shut out the tell-tale s
(For Venus hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault, which oft she wish'd undo
And scatter'd rays did make a doubtful sight,
Like to the first of day or last of night:
The fittest light for lover's gentle play:
Such light best shews the wandring lover's way,
And guides his erring hand: night is Love's hol

IV. [da

So far in this sweet labyrinth he stray'd
That now he views the garden of Delight,
Whose breast with thousand painted flowers array
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring sight;
But soon the eyes rendred the ears their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear,
That all his senses flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

V.

From a close bower this dainty musick flow'd,
A bowre apparel'd round with divers roses,

Both red and white, which by their liveries show'd
Their mistriss fair, that there her self reposes;
Seem'd that would strive with those rare musick
By spreading their fair bosoms to the light, [closes,
Which the distracted sense should most delight;
That raps the melted ear, this both the smell and sight.

VI.

The boy 'twixt fearful hope and wishing fear
Crept all along (for much he long'd to see
The bower, much more the guest so lodged there)
And as he goes he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in discord unity,
Each striving who should best perform his part,
Yet Art now helping Nature, Nature Art,
While from his ears a voice thus stole his heart.

VII.

" Fond Men! whose wretched care the life soon end-[ing.
" By striving to increase your joy do spend it,
" And spending joy, yet find no joy in spending;
" You hurt your life by striving to amend it,
" And seeking to prolong it soonest end it;
" Then while fit time affords thee time and leasure,
" Enjoy while yet thou may'st thy life's sweet pleasure;
" Too foolish is the man that starves to feed his trea-[sure.

VIII.

" Love is life's end; an end, but never ending;
" All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;
" Love is life's wealth (ne'er spent, but ever spend-
ing)
" More rich by giving, taking by discarding;
" Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding:

The freshest purple fresher dyes must seek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On these Cupido winged armies led
Of little Loves that with bold wanton train
Under those colours, marching on the plain,
Force every heart, and to low vassalage constrain.

VI.

Her lips, most happy each in other's kisses,
From their so wish'd imbracements seldom parted,
Yet seem'd to blush at such their wanton blisses;
But when sweet words their joying sweets disparted,
To th' ear a dainty musick they imparted:
Upon them fitly sate, delightful smiling,
A thousand souls with pleasing stealth beguiling:
Ah! that such shews of joys should be all joys ex-

VII. [iling!

The breath came slowly thence, unwilling leaving
So sweet a lodge; but when she once intended
To feast the air with words, the heart deceiving,
More fast it thronged so to be expended;
And at each word a hundred Loves attended,
Playing i' th' breath, more sweet than is that firing
Where that Arabian only bird expiring
Lives by her death, by loss of breath more fresh re-

VIII. [spiring.

Her chin, like to a stone in gold inchas'd,
Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face grac'd:
This goodly frame on her round neck did stand;
Such pillar well such curious work sustain'd;

And on his top the heavenly sphear up-rearing,
Might well present, with daintier appearing,
A less but better Atlas, that fair heaven bearing.

IX.

Lower two breasts stand all their beauties bearing,
Two breasts as smooth and soft; but, ah, alas!
Their smoothest softness far exceeds comparing;
More smooth and soft, but nought that ever was,
Where they are first, deserves the second place;
Yet each as soft and each as smooth as other;
And when thou first try'st one, and then the other,
Each softer seems than each, and each than each [seems smoother.

X.

Lowly between their dainty hemispheres,
(Their hemispheres the heav'nly globes excelling)
A path more white than is the name it bears,
The Lacteal Path, conducts to the sweet dwelling
Where best Delight all joys sits freely dealing;
Where hundred sweets, and still fresh joys attending,
Receive in giving, and still love dispending,
Grow richer by their loss, and wealthy by expending.

XI.

But stay, bold Shepherd! here thy footing stay,
Nor trust too much unto thy new-born quill,
As farther to those dainty limbs to stray,
Or hope to paint that vale or beauteous hill
Which past the finest hand or choicest skill;
But were thy verse and song as finely fram'd
As are those parts, yet should it soon be blam'd,
For now the shameless world of best things is a-

XII.

That cunning artist that old Greece admir'd,
Thus far his Venus fitly pourtrayed,
But there he left, nor farther ere aspir'd;
His Dædale hand, that nature perfected
By Art, felt Art by Nature limited.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would these lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

XIII.

Such when this gentle boy her closely view'd,
Only with thinnest silken veil o'er-laid,
Whose snowy colour much more snowy shew'd
By being next that skin, and all betray'd,
Which best in naked beauties are array'd,
His spirits, melted with so glorious sight,
Ran from their work to see so splendid light,
And left the fainting limbs sweet slumbring in de-[light.

CANTO IV.

The Argument.

The swouning swain recovered is
By th' goddess, his soul rapt in bliss:
Their mutual conference, and how
Her service she doth him allow.

I.

Soft sleeping Venus, waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the sinking boy espies;
Withall she stares, and wondereth withall;
She thinks that there her fair Adonis dies,
And more she thinks the more the boy she eyes:

nearer, up begins to rear him;
th Love himself she will confer him,
ore her love himself she will prefer him.

II.

n with that dainty touch reviv'd,
elf so well, so sweetly seated,
ıbt whether he yet here liv'd,
tting soul to heav'n translated,
starry throne and bliss instated;
die, so to be often sav'd;
th happy wish he closely crav'd
e dead, to be so sweet ingrav'd.

III.

princess (in whose lovely breast
in could never find a place)
ıe saw him from his fit releast,
ving wrath and scolding base)
trembling boy with smiling grace:
smiles (too full of sweet delight)
urt, full of the former sight;
revive, more wounds his feeble sprite.

IV.

Boy! (said she) what erring chance
d thy unwary pace?
tempt or Pride durst not advance
ject in thy so pleasant face:
brought thee to this hidden place?
e, or mutual answering fire?
ill chance in thy desire?
is't thy fair and wishing eyes require?

II.

" Ah, fond and hapless Boy! nor know I wh
" More fond or hapless more, that all so high
" Hast plac'd thy heart, where love and Fate tog
" May never hope to end thy misery,
" Nor yet thy self dare wish a remedy:
" All hindrances (alas) conspire to lett it;
" Ah, fond and hapless Boy! if canst not get
" In thinking to forget, at length learn to forg

III.

" Ah, far too fond, but much more hapless Sv
" Seeing thy love can be forgetten never,
" Serve and observe thy love with willing pain
" And though in vain thy love thou do preser
" Yet all in vaine do thou adore her ever.
" No hope can crown thy thoughts so far aspi
" Nor dares thy self desire thine own desiring,
" Yet live thou in her love, and die in her admiri

IV.

Thus oft the hopeless boy complaining lies;
But she, that well could guess his sad lamentin
(Who can conceal Love from Love's mother's ey
Did not disdain to give his love contenting;
Cruel the soul that feeds on souls tormenting
Nor did she scorn him, though not nobly born
(Love is nobility) nor could she scorn
That with so noble skill her title did adorn.

V.

One day it chanc'd, thrice happy day and cha
While Loves were with the Graces sweetly spor

And to fresh musick sounding play and dance,
And Cupid's self, with shepherds' boys consorting,
Laugh'd at their pritty sport and simple courting,
Fair Venus seats the fearful boy close by her,
Where never Phœbus' jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the boy his mistress and her name descryher.

VI.

Long time the youth up-bound in silence stood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit prologue to his speech, and fearful blood
From heart and face with these post-tydings run,
That either now he's made, or now undon;
At length his trembling words, with fear made weak,
Began his too long silence thus to break, [speak.
While from his humble eyes first reverence seem'd to

VII.

" Fair Queen of Love! my life thou mayst command,
" Too slender price for all thy former grace
" Which I receive at thy so bounteous hand,
" But never dare I speak her name and face;
" My life is much less-priz'd than her disgrace;
" And for I know if I her name relate
" I purchase anger, I must hide her state,
" Unless thou swear by Styx I purchase not her [hate."

VIII.

Fair Venus well perceiv'd his subtile shift,
And, swearing gentle patience, gently smil'd,
While thus the boy pursu'd his former drift:
" No tongue was ever yet so sweetly skill'd,
" Nor greatest orator so highly stil'd,

" Though helpt with all the choicest art's direction,
" But when he durst describe her heav'n's prefection,
" By his imperfect praise disprais'd his imperfection.

IX.

" Her form is as herself, perfect cœlestial,
" No mortal spot her heavenly frame disgraces:
" Beyond compare such nothing is terrestrial? [ces;
" More sweet than thought or pow'rful wish embra-
" The map of heaven the sum of all her graces:
" But if you wish more truly limb'd to eye her,
" Than fainting speech or words can well descry her,
" Look in a glass, and there more perfect you may
spy her."

CANTO VI.

The Argument.

The boy's short wish, her larger grant,
That doth his soul with bliss enchant;
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove contrives his thrall.

I.

" THY crafty art (reply'd the smiling queen)
" Hath well my chiding and not rage prevented,
" Yet might'st thou think that yet 'twas never seen
" That angry rage and gentle love consented;
" But if to me thy true love is presented,
" What wages for thy service must I owe thee?
" For by the self-same vow I here avow thee,
" Whatever thou require I frankly will allow thee."

II.

" Pardon (replies the boy) for so affecting
" Beyond mortality, and not discarding
" Thy service, was much more than my expecting;
" But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
" Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding,
" Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
" One kiss is all my love and pride's aspiring,
" And after starve my heart, for my too much desiring."

III.

" Fond Boy! (said she) too fond, that ask'd no more;
" Thy want by taking is no whit decreased,
" And giving spends not our increasing store."
Thus with a kiss his lips she sweetly pressed;
Most blessed kiss! but hope more than most blessed.
The boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd,
And while joy he so greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

IV.

" Why sigh'st? fair Boy! (said she) dost thou repent thee
" Thy narrow wish in such straight bonds to stay?"
" Well may I sigh, (said he) and well lament me,
" That never such a debt may hope to pay."
" A kiss, (said she) a kiss will back repay."
" Wilt thou (reply'd the boy, too much delighted)
" Content thee with such pay to be requited?"
She grants; and he his lips, heart, soul, to payment cited.

V.

Look as a ward, from time his lands detain'd,
And subject to his guardian's cruel lore,

Now spends the more, the more he was restrain
So he; yet though in laying out his store
He doubly takes, yet finds himself grow poor;
With that he marks, and tells her out a score,
And doubles them, and trebles all before.
Fond boy! the more thou payst thy debt still gr

VI. [the m

At length, whether these favours so had fir'd him
With kindly heat, inflaming his desiring,
Or whether those sweet kisses had inspir'd him,
He thinks that something wants for his requiri
And still aspires, yet knows not his aspiring;
But yet though that he knoweth so she gave,
That he presents himself her bounden slave,
Still his more wishing face seem'd somewhat els

VII. [cra

And boldned with success and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releas'd,
And asking leave, courag'd with her embraces,
Again it prison'd in her tender breast:
Ah, blessed prison! pris'ners too much blest!
There with those sisters long time doth he play,
And now full boldly enters Love's highway,
While down the pleasant vale his creeping hand d

VIII. [str

She, not displeas'd with this his wanton play,
Hiding his blushing with a sugred kiss,
With such sweet heat his rudeness doth allay,
That now he perfect knows whatever bliss
Elder Love taught, and he before did miss;

That moult with joy, in such untry'd joys trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

IX.

Long thus he liv'd, slumbring in sweet delight, 6
Free from sad care and fickle world's annoy,
Bathing in liquid joys his melted sprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah, foolish Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heaven, and earth, his bliss imparted
That Jove upon him down his thunder darted, 7
Blasting his splendent face, and all his beauty swarted

X.

Such be his chance that to his love doth wrong;
Unworthy he to have so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue;
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th' heart's low center doth embrace
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'd lose all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love that is not fit to hold it. 8

GLOSSARY,

Explaining the

OLD AND OBSCURE WORDS

IN

SPENSER'S WORKS.

Taken from the Glossaries

OF MR. HUGHES AND MR UPTON,

And more comprehensive than either.

A

ce, in the two old uartos; but in the fo- os *Abase*, to lower, to t fall.

ar, to bear, carry, de- ıean, behave.

t, to vindicate, and, to ıaintain,

de, *Aby*, *Abyde*, to abide, uffer, endure,

de, abiding, staying, r delay.

·ay out of sleep, raise, a- vake. *Abrayd*, awaked.

ısion, fraud, abuse.

·loy, to cloy, fill up.

Accloyes, chokes up, ills up.

Accosting, in falconry, to crouch or stoop.

Accoste, to approach.

Accoy'd, soothed, appeased

Accoyled, stood around, gathered together.

Accrewed, increased, united, collected.

Achates, 1st and 2d quartos. The folios *Cates*, *i. e.* provisions.

Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate.

Addeme, adjudge, deem.

Address, to dress, prepare, order, make ready.

Admirance, admiration.

Adoe, business.

Adorne, (substantively) adorning, ornament.
Adredd, Adrad, frightened, to be afraid, to dread.
Advance, to hasten, to set forward.
Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider.
Advisement, counsel, advice, circumspection.
Award, award, judgment, sentence.
Affect, affection, passion.
Affrap, to encounter, to strike down.
Affray, terror, tumult. To *Affray*, to terrify.
Affrended, made friends.
Affret, rencounter, hasty meeting.
Affronting, opposing front to front; meeting face to face.
Affy, betroth. *Affide*, betrothed, affianced.
Aggrace, favour, kindness
Aggrate, to gratify, to please.
Aghast, frightened, astonished.

Agraste, did grace; she grace and
Agrise, to d greatly; t give abho
Aguise, to pu pearance; ter a new
Albe, albeit,
Algates, by a way, wh theless.
All, altogeth also used f
Alla Turche Turkish n
Allegge, allevi
Alleggeaunce, ease, comf
Alew, howlin tion.
Aloofe, at son
Alow. low; t
Amate, 1. T daunt, to terrify. 2. with, to kee
Amenage, m riage.

Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.

Amearsd, fined.

Amis, apparel, garment.

Amoves, moves; the particle *a* is added.

Annoyes, annoyances.

Anticks, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, *&c.*

Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, requite.

Apall, to discourage, daunt, terrify.

Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure.

Areare, backwards; a lagging or backward pace.

Aread, *Ared*, shew, advise, declare, tell.

Areeds, advices, discourses

Arew, in a row, together, all together.

Arke, chest or coffer.

Arraught, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized.

Array, order, apparel, dress.

Arret, sometimes signifies decree.

Askaunce, to look askance, enviously, sideways,

Aslake, to app

Assay, proof, tempt, atta

Assoile, to fre

Assoiled, ab charged.

Astond, *asto* nished.

Assot, to bes make a foo

Astart, to sta

Atchievement or perform

Ate, did eat.

Atone, *i. e.* fr at one; *At* ciled.

Attacht, appre hold on.

Attaint, it di seemed to a to put it o perior sple

Attonce, once and the sa

Attone, bere away all t

Attrapt, attr ed.

Atween, between.
Avale, to lower, abate, bring down, descend.
Avaunting, vaunting, the *a* superadded. According to *Hughes* it signifies advancing.
Avenge, vengeance. *Avengement*, revenge.
Avize, *Avyse*, *Avise*, to perceive, to consider. To behold, to observe, to be sensible of. *Hughes*
Aumayld, enamelled.
Avoure, confession, acknowledgment.
Awarned, warned, premonished.
Awhape, to astonish, to terrify.
Ay, ever.
Aygulets, tagged points.

B

Bad, asked, entreated, prayed.
Baffuld, baffled, beat, defeated.
Baisemains, complements, respects.
Bale, evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, burden.
Baleful, sorrow fortunate, fu
Balke, to disapp frustrate.
Bannes, curses. curse. *Band*,
Barbes, bosse ments in the of a horse.
Barbed, embos
Barbican, an gate, or wa
Base, unto the low, bottom
Bases, any cove legs.
Basen, as, Big sen wide [*M berd's Tale*] tended as wi
Bashd, abashed
Basenet, a heln
Basted, wrougl sewed.
Bate, did *bea* Did *bite*, *Up*
Bauldrick, a be *rick of the he* zodiack, in the twelve
Bay, to bark,

Book i. C. 7. St. 3. it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at *bay*, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *baying*, or barking at him.

Beacon, a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired, in order to give notice to distant people of invasions. *Upton.*

Beadmen, prayer-men.

Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general.

Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him.

Beare, a bier.

Beathd in fire, hardened in the fire.

Beauperes, equals, fair companions.

Beavy, a company.

Bed, for *bid*, to pray.

Bedight, dressed, adorned.

Bedyde, dyed.

Behest, command.

Behight, or *Behote*, called, named; and sometimes bid, promised, gave.

Belamay, fair friend.

Belamoure, a lover.

Belayd, laid over.

Beldame, good lady, good dame.

Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutations.

Bellgards, beautiful looks.

Bellibone, fair maid.

Bends, bars placed cross ways.

Benempt, bequeathed, named.

Bent, the propensity or inclination; sometimes yielding or complying.

Bents, rushes, bent grass; bulrushes.

Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure, or bearing.

Bereave, to bereave, to take away.

Beseek, beseech.

Beseem, to become, to grace, to look seemly.

Beseen, well beseen, i. e. courtesy bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment.

Besprint, or Besprent, besprinkled.

Bestead, beset, oppressed; *ill bestead,* bad plight, condition.

Bet, did beat.

Betake, took into his hand, bestow upon.

Beteem, deliver, bestow.

Betide, happen to, befal.

Bever, the sight or visor of a head-piece.

Bewray, to discover.

Bickerment, contention, strife.

Bidding his beads, saying his prayers.

Bilive, forthwith, immediately.

Bittur, a bittern.

Blatant Beast, Detraction represented as a monster.

Blaze, to divulge or spread abroad.

Bleard, dimmed, darkened.

Blemishment, stain.

Blend, not on but to spoil ing; to co also someti fies to blin

Bless, Spenser h word to sign ving or bra a sword.

Blin, to cease,

Blist for *Blest,* iv. C. 7. S in B. vi. C. *all about so* injured, wo

Bloosme, bloss nounce it *blo* C. 8. St. 2.

Bode, did abid

Bolt, an arrow.

Bond, bound; bond-slaves.

Bonnibel, a fai

Boone, favour, re tition.

Boot, advanta profit.

Bootless, unava profitable.

To *bord*, to accost, to approach. *Bord*, a jest.

Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the borders.

Borrel, rude, clownish.

Bosse, a protuberance, in the middle of the shield.

Boughts, circular folds or windings.

Boulted, sifted.

Bourn, a brook or rivulet.

Bouzing can, a large drinking pot.

Bowre, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment.

Brast, or Brac'd, burst.

Brade, for broad,

Brag, proudly.

Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern.

Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce.

Brand, sometimes a firebrand, sometimes a sword.

Bransles, brawls, a sort of *tune*.

Brave, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce.

Brawned bours, well sinewed arms.

Bray, sound shrill.

Braided, knitted, plaited, wreathed.

Brent, burnt.

Brigants, robbers, freebooters.

Brockage, [*Moth. Hub. Tale*] pimping.

Brond, Brond-iron, vide *Brand*.

Brooke, bear, endure, digest.

Brunt, violent attack, accident.

Brush, small wood, brush wood.

Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness.

To *buckle*, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle.

Buffe, a blow, buffet.

Bug, a bug-bear.

Bugle, a small bugle-horn.

Burganet, a helmet.

Burgein, to spring forth, or bud.
Buskets, little bushes.
But, unless, except.
Buxome, yielding.
Bylive. See *Bilive*.
Bynempt See *Benempt*.

C

Camis, *Camus*, a thin gown.
Can, is often used as 'gan, began.
Canon-bit, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth; the ruling bit.
Capias, a special warrant.
Capon, a cock cut; metaphorically a cow-herd.
Caprifole, woodbine, honey-suckle.
Captivaunce, captivity.
Carke, care.
Carle, a clown, a churl.
Carol, to sing songs of joy.
Carven, to cut.
To *Cast* in one's mind, to think, to contrive. *Cast* is also used for time, or a throw.
A Cast of faulc of falcons.
Castory, beaver'
Causen, to argue
Cav'd, made ho
Caytive, *Caitiv* vile, captive,
Certes, certainly
Cesse, cease.
Cesure, a cuttin
To *Chaffer*, to b traffic, to exc
Chamelot, stuff m camel's hair;
Chamfred, bent,
Chast, chaced.
Chaufe, anger, he
Chaunticlere, s from *chaunti ing* with a silver voice.
Chayre, charily, care and cau
Checklaton, a ki quered or mo
Checkmate, a w rowed from of chess.
Cheere, counten mien.

Chevalrie, knighthood, knightly exploits.
Chevisaunce, atchievement, enterprise, feat, performance.
Chylded, brought forth.
Cleped, called, named.
Clouch, gathered together.
Colled, embraced.
Commun, commune, discourse together. Also to come.
Compast creast, his crest, compassed around, or well rounded, proportioned, or framed.
Complot, a plot, combination, or contrivance.
Comportance, behaviour, carriage.
Compylde, brought together.
Con, to learn, to know.
Conceipt, imagination, fancy.
Concrow, to grow together.
Connd, learned.
Condigne, worthy.
Congee, bow, reverence.
Contecke, contention.
Contrive, spend, consume
Convenable, agreeable.
Coosen passions, kindred passions.
Coportion, a portion or share with you.
Corb, crooked.
Corbes, ornaments in building.
Cordwayne, Spanish leather.
Coronal, crown, garland.
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the ewe.
Cotes, sheep-folds.
Cott, floating cottage.
Could, as *Could his good to all*; *i. e.* dispensed his bounty.
Count, *account*, *reckoning*.
Countercast, a countercontrivance or cunning.
Counterchange, mutual exchange.
Counterfeasaunce, counterfeiting.
Counterstroke, an opposite stroke.
Couplement, union, marriage, coupling together.

Doughtie, stout, valiant, courageous.

Drad, dread, dreed, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, reverenced.

Drapets, linen clothes.

Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 10. St. 51.

Dreare, Drere, sorrow, sadness.

Drent, drenched, or drowned.

Dreriment, heaviness, sorrowfulness.

Drerihedd, a sorrowful and dreary state.

Drest, ordered, prepared.

Drevill, a driveller, a fool.

Drift, impulse, force, or driving on.

Drowsyhedd, drowsiness,

Duresse, confinement, imprisonment, hardship.

E

Earne, Erne, to yern, to be movedwith compassion

Earst, Erst, first of all, at first, before, formerly.

Eath, easy.

Eeke, Eke, also likewise to crease, to

Effierced, mad mad.

Efforce, to also to viol

Effraide, frig fraid.

Eft, again, like

Eftsoones, agai ly, quickly,

Eglantine, swe wild rose.

Eld, old age.

Elf, a Fairy. adjective of

Elles, else, alr

Embace, to le base.

Embard, shut

Embattled car chariot.

Embay, to bat cherish and

Embayld, incl to make up or packs.

Emboss, has dif nifications—

beast, arms of embossed work. *Embost with gold*, raised as in relievo. *Embost with pearles*, raised or overlaid. *In case embast*, hid, concealed. *The salvage beast embost in wearie chace*, meaning hard run and wearied out. *To embosse his speare in his body, i. e.* to lodge, to inclose. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. 1. St. 64. *Embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, probable from the Italian *Imboscarsi, i. e.* by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil. *Upton.*

Embowed, imbowed, arched; covered archwise.

Emboyled, emboyling wrath, B. ii. C. 5. St. 28. the same as boyled, boyling.

Embrave, adorn, make brave or fine; to dress.

Eme, an uncle by the mother's side.

Emparlance, a law term, used in petitioning the court for respite.

Empeach, to hinder.

Emperill, quartos; folios *Imperill*, endanger.

Emperisht, perished, gone to ruin.

Empight, placed, fixed.

Emprize, enterprise, undertaking.

Enaunter, lest that.

Enchased, engraven.

Encheason, occasion, accident.

Endosse, to write on the back, to engrave.

Endurd, hardened.

Enduren, indure, continue.

Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents.

Enfouldred smoke, smoke mixed with flame.

Englut, satiate, glut.

Engore, to pierce, to prick; to make bloody or gory.

Engorged yre, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed

Engraffed, ingrafted, implanted.
Engroste, made thick.
Enhaunst, raised, liftedup.
Enrace, enroot, implant.
Enriven, torn asunder.
Enseams, *i. e.* fattens.
Ensew, follow. *Ensude*, followed.
Ensnarle, insnare, intangle as a skain of silk.
Entayled with antricks, engraved or carved with images.
Enterdeale, mediation.
Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one.
Enterluke, to entertain.
Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven.
Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise.
Errant Knights, whotravel about the world seeking adventures.
Eschewed, avoided. *Eschew*, avoid.
Esloyne, withdraw to a distance; separate.
Espial, sight, spying.
Essoyne, ex pearing
Evengely,
Ewftes, e evets, *U Hughes.*
Ewghen b
Exanimat
Excheat, property in any t
Exprest, squeeze
Enterpie, t root out
Extreat, ex ing out.
Eyas Hav falconry younghe ged, and
Eyne, *Ene*,
Fade, to va to go av
Faine, *does* sirous.
Falsed, fals
Fare, to go on.
Fatal rec

Fatal errour, a
lring voyage or-
l by the Fates.
ith, truth; some-
: signifies a Fairy.
doer. *False faytor*,
kiver.
fealty or homage.
to frighten.
t, foul, full of dregs.
erce, cruel; also
Felly, fiercely,
ly.
t, most fierce.
ee, womanhood.
and dignity of a
an.
companion. *Feres*,
nions.
as *fleshly ferme*,
y prison.
ist, for the rhyme.
t, fetch.
his speare, to set
peare in his rest.
s often used for
, combat, battle.
warrant.
id.
his eye, keeps his
eady and firm.

Flatling, flat.
Flight, arrow.
Flit, *Fleet*, swift, *Upton*. To
fluctuate, to be in mo-
tion, *Hughes*.
Flourets, blossoms, or little
flowers.
Foeman, foes.
Foile, leaf. *Golden foile*,
leaf gold.
Foind, pushed.
Folke-mot, a meeting or
assembly of folk or
people.
Foltring tongue, faltering,
falling, or tripping.
Fon, fool. *Fond*, foolish.
Fond, did find, for the
Fone, foes. [rhyme.
Fordoo, undo, destroy, ruin
Foreby, near to.
Forehent, seized, caught
hold of.
Forelent, lent before hand.
Foresay, renounce, *Upton*.
Foresaid, forbid, *Hughes*
Forestall, to intercept.
Forethink, to repine or be
concerned at anything.
Forewent, forsook, went
out of their way.

consumed.

Forray, to ravage, spoil.

Foreslackt, delayed.

Forstow, delay.

Forswat, exhausted with sweat.

Forswonk, wearied, over-laboured.

Forthy, therefore, wherefore, why.

Fortilage, fort.

Forworn, much worn.

Foster, for forester.

Fouldring, thundering, blasting with lightning.

Foysen, plenty.

Franchise, to free or set at

Frize, a warm woollen cloath.

Frory, frore, froz

Frounce, curl, cri

Frowy, frowzy, musty.

Fryof children, fry

Furniment, fur furniture.

G.

Gage, pledge, pa curity.

Galage, a woode

Game, 'twixt ear game, betwixt and jest.

Gan, for began.

gelding, *Upton*.
gold, *Hughes*.
, the behaviour of
leman.
brother. or near
an.
awn.
eds, actions, ex-
feats.
ux, boots, grea-
mour for the legs
l geare, joke and

in. *Gin*, engine,
vance.
usts or tourna-
s more particu-
ingle combat on
ack with spears
words.
passage; gene-
or a passage cut
gh a wood.
sword.
rth.
alley.
urled bush of hair
ng down over the

d, glittering.

Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass.
Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful.
Gnarre, to snarl or bark.
Gondelay, properly a Venetian wherry.
Goodlyhead, goodliness.
Gore, pierce.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour defending the throat.
Grange, a granery, barn, farm.
Grayle, some particles, or gravel. Also used in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour.
Greave, for grove.
Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure.
Greet, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
Gride, *Gryde*, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through.
Griefful, full of grief.
Griple, one that snatches greedily, a griping

Gueld, a guildhall.
Guerdon, reward, recompense, prize.
Guilers, cheats.
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner, *Upton*. Form, habit, condition, *Hughes*
Gyre, circling, turning round.

H.

Haberjeon, armour covering the neck and breast, *Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders, *Hughes*.
Habiliments, apparel, clothing.
Hable, fit, ready, able, apt, nimble.
Hacqueton, a piece of armour.
Hafendeale, in partition.
Halidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary.
Hardyhood, brave sta
Harrow, to destroy.
Harrow! a and exclai ing distre
Hask, a wic carry fish.
Hauberg Ha Haberjeon
Haught corag
Haulst, embr
Heast, *Hest*, command,
Hebenbow, a ebony.
Hedeguies, a s try dances
Hem, them.
Hidder and sh she.
Hend, to tak
Hent, seized.
Herbars, her

Heried, Heried, to praise, to celebrate.

Hersal, rehearsal.

Hie, to go, to hasten.

Hide, hastened.

Hight, named, called.

Hild, covered.

Hilding, a term of reproach

Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.

Hole, so spelled in the 1st and 2d quartos, in the folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12 St. 38.

Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood &c.

Hore, hoar, hoary, *Upton*. White; sometimes it signifies squallid, filthy rough, *Hughes*.

Hostry, an inn.

Hot, Hote, from *Hight*, was named, called.

Housling fire, sacramental fire.

Heve, for heave.

Hoving, hovering, floating.

Humblesse, humility.

Hurlen forth, rush forth.

Hurtle, to rush with violence.

Hurtling, rushing, thrusting.

Hymen iō Hymen, the nuptial song at weddings, invocating the god Hymenæus.

I.

Javel, seems to signify a slandering fellow.

Idlesse, idleness.

Iesses, straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs when held in the st.

Impacable, so the quartos and folios; but *Hughes implacable*.

Impe, child or offspring.

Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empecher*, to hinder.

Importable, not to be borne.

In, Inn, Inne, an inn, a chamber, a house.
Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith.
Indigne, unworthy.
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56, &c.
Inferd, brought on.
Infest, deadly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowes, ingots.
Intendement, attention, understanding, thought.
Interesse, interest.
Intreat, speak of, treat of.
Intuse, contusion, bruise.
Iollyhead, a state of jollity.
Iouisance, Ioyaunce, rejoicing, diversion.
Ire, Yre, wrath, anger.

K.

Keep, care, heed, custody, charge. *Keeping*, guard.
Keight, caught.
Ken, Kenn, to know, to spy, to discover.
Kend, Kent, knew, kenned.
Kerns, countrymen or boors.
Kesars, Keasars, Emrors, Cæsars, Cza
Kest, cast.
Kestrel, a sort of hawk the baser breed.
Kidst, dost know.
Kight, a kite.
Kilt, for killed.
Kirtle, a woman's go
Kond, kend, knew.
Kynd, nature. *Kyndle*, tural.
Kynded, begotten.
Kyne, cows or herds.

L.

Lad, led, did lead.
Laid, taint.
Lare, Laire, laire o deer.
Latched, caught.
Lay, a song. *Layes*, son poems.
Lay, the earth or grou
Laystall, a place to dung or rubbish.
Lazars, leprous perso
Leach, surgeon, or phy cian.
Leare, Leares, Leres, d trine, learning, scie

, lying.
levied, raised.
language, dialect.
· *Lief*, willing. *As* more willing.
ost.
emayne, sleight of
.
sweetheart, concu-
mistress.
longer.
y, the epilogue af-
copy of verses.
sten.
rather.
lightning.
brond, thunderbolt
, ignorantly.
d, leopard.
ke.
ear. *Liefer*, *Lever*,
r. *Liefest*, dearest.
ord, sovereignlord.
e-man, who owes
iance to the liege
.
: *Liggen*, to lie.
e, lineage or de-
t.

Lilled out his tongue, for lolled out, &c.
Lime hound, abloodhound.
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences.
Lin, to lean, give way. Sometimes to cease or give over.
Lincolne greene, a species of cloth manufactured at Lincoln.
Lists, ground inclosed for tilts or tournaments.
Lite, alight, get off horse.
Lived mortally, i. e. lived among mortals.
Livelod, livelihood, maintenance.
Livelyhed, liveliness, life, spirit.
Livery and seisin, law phrases.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan.
Long, belong.
Loord, as, *lazy Loord*, idle fellow.
Lordings, Sirs, Masters. A dim. of Lord.

Lore, learning, instruction
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost.
Lorel, *Losel*, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow.
Lover, or *Loover*, a chimney or opening in the roof of a cottage.
Lout, to bow servilely, to crouch.
Lugs, perches.
Lusk, *luskish*, *luskishness*, a lazy disposition.
Lustlesse, listlessly.
Lustyhed, lustiness, vigour
Lustless, weak, not lusty.
Lyte, light on, settle, fall on.
Lythe, soft.

M.

Mage, magician, enchanter.
Magnes stone, the load stone.
Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Mahoune*, a Saracen oath.
Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb) to compose verses.
Malefices, evil deeds.
Malicing, bearing of malice.
Maligne, maliciously, abuse.
Maltalent, ill will, spite.
Mand, manned, furnished, filled.
Manner, behaviour, carriage.
Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. *&c.*
Marge, margin, brim.
Mark white, the white mark.
Martelled, hammered, beat.
Mas, used for divine service.
Mated, conquered, subdued.
Maugre, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding.
Mayle, a coat of mail.
Mazed, stunned.
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple.

ieans, conditions,
on.
i meer, limit, or
ary.
i mingle.
ward, prize,
intermeddle,
l mean, intended.
ingled.
e, merciful.
e, pitied.
e, merriment.
, neglect, con-
scorn,
:t.
place to mue
. Any place shut
iuch.
r move.
inion, finical af-
darling.
i minim in mu-
s, toys, trifles.
for diminished.
rk, obscure.
air, obscure, foul
d, created amiss,
otten.

Miscreant, originally signifies Infidel, or one of a wrong belief.
Missdone, for misdo, *i. e.* to do amiss.
Misfare, misfortune.
Misleeke, dislike.
Mister, manner, sort, art, mystery.
Misteth not, needs not.
Mistrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amiss; or misled, drawn aside.
Miswern, to misjudge, interpret wrongly.
Miswent, gone astray.
Mo, *Moe*, more.
Mochel, much.
Moldwarps, moles.
Mome, a stupid fellow.
Monastere, a monastery.
Mone, sorrow.
Morion, head-piece, helmet.
Mote, must, might.
Mott, did mete or measure.
Moulds, grows mouldy.
Mountenaunce, the amount of any thing, quantity, distance.

Mowes, makingofmouths
Muchel, much.
Munificence, subsidies, aid benevolence.
Mured, inclosed.
Muzd, mused.

N.

Nar, near, or nearer.
Nas, has not.
Nathless, *Natheless*, not the less, nevertheless,
Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.
Ne, neither, not.
Needments, necessaries.
Nempt, named.
Nett, neat, clean.
Newell, novelty.
Newfanglenesse, a love of novelty and changes.
Nill, will not. Cont. for *ne will*.
Nimblesse, nimbleness.
Noblesse, nobility.
Nonce, *for the nonce*, for the occasion.
Not, *Note*, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the crown of the head.
Nouriture, nurture, education.
Noursle, to nourse.
Noyance, harm.
Noyd, annoyed or hurt.
Noyous, hurtful or baleful.

O.

Obsequy, funeral rites.
Offal, refuse, dross.
Ordele, a trial by fire, water, or combat.
Overcame, came over it
Overcraw, to crow over to insult.
Overhent, overtook.
Overgrast, overgrow with grass.
Overraught, reachingove
Overred, did read it over
Overwent, overwhelmed
Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated.
Ought, owned.
Ought the more, the mo at all.
Out-well, flow out, yiel out, discharge.
Out of hand, forthwith.
Out-win, get out, wind way out.

bosses, or but-
f gold.
P
.
pagan, infidel.
ıpaire, diminish.
a horse; most
ɔnly a lady's pad.
ɔbe.
ırt *per part*, a
in heraldry.
a pilgrim.
ːa, an universal
ne.
', the skull, the
of the head.
an example, pat-
companion, or
.
ːr, a lover.
ınt, peradven-
ɔy chance.
ːe, vomit.
departure.
Also surpass,
.
iii. C. 1. St. 19.
es here, country,
region.
peacock.

Paunce, a pancy, or violet.
Payne, pains, endeavour.
Peark, brisk.
Peece, a fort, a strong place, citadel, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. *&c.*
Peise, poise. *Paysd*, poised.
Perdie, Fr. *par. Dieu*, an old oath.
Pere, companion. *Peres*, companions, equals.
Peregal, equal.
Perforce, by force.
Perling, purling, trickling down.
Perlous, perilous, dangerous.
Persaunt, piercing.
Persue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace.
Pheer, companion.
Physnomy, physiognomy.
Picturals, paintings.
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed.
Pill, to rob, to pillage.
Pine, to pine, to waste away.
Pionings, works of pioneers.

Plaine, to complain.
Plaint, complaint.
Pleasaunce, pleasure.
Plesh, for the rhyme, a plash.
Plight, circumstance, condition.
Point, armed completely, *Hughes. Car'd not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle, *Upton.* Armed at all points, *ib.*
Poize, weight.
Polaxe, or battle-axe.
Pols and pils, plunders, and pillages.
Port, behaviour, carriage.
Portaunce, comportment, carriage.
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure.
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book.
Pouldred, reduced to powder.
Pousse, pease.
Poynant, poignant, sharp, piercing.
Practicke pa ning pract endeavour
Prank, *Som* *ruffes*, *i.e.* and prou
Prank in pompously rogantly t
Preace, pre crowd.
Prest, prepa hand. So pressed.
Pretended, s held out.
Prick, to pr spurs.
Pricking on th ding on th
Priefe, proof.
Prive, prove
Prise, scuffle
Procurd, solici ed.
Propense, wei premeditat
Protense, exte ing out.

rave; *Prower*, bra-
Prowest, bravest.
nce, valour, power;
t. *Puissant*, power-
nighty.
, flourished with a
e, *Hughes*. Em-
ered, or decorated
rith embroidery,
r.
, discourse, talk,
s.
, provide.
's, bitterns, kites.
loss. to Chaucer.
best. Vide *Pine*:
r. Vide *Pioning*.

Q

te, a square.
subdued. Perhaps
d of quailed or
d.
o subdue, to quell,
'. *Quail*, to lan-
, *Hughes*.
nice, curious.
B. ii. C. 11. St. 33.
cted from *Quar-*
raft, arrow,
, prey.

Quart, the western divi-
sion; the fourth part.
Quayd. Vide *Quaid*.
Queem, or *Queam*, please.
Queint, quenched.
Queint eleft, quaintly or
oddly chosen.
Quell, sometimes used for
to die.
Quest, adventure, exploit.
Quich, to quicken, to stir.
Quight, to deliver, to free.
Quip, taunt, flout.
Quite, to requite.
Quited, requited; returned.
Quook, did quake, did
shake, did tremble.

R

Race. Vide *Rast*.
Rad, for did read; or
guessed.
Raft, *Reft*, bereft, berea-
ved, *Upton*. Rent, tore,
Hughes.
Raid. Vide *Ray*.
*Raile, adowne their sides
did raile, i. e.* flow or
run along.
Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule
or kingdom.

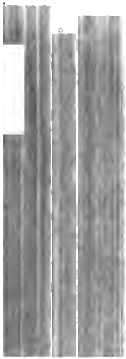
Rapt, in rapture.
Rash, *mailes did rash*, did break, did shiver in pieces.
Rast, *Razed*, erased, effaced.
Rathe, early.
Raught, reached, did reach.
Ravin, rapine, spoil, ravening.
To *Ray*, discolour, beray.
Ray, for *Array*, ornament, furniture. Also for in ray, in array, in order and rank.
Read, *Reed*, toadvise, warn pronounce, declare, in-

go back, or g
Recreant, out of h trusty, cowar
Redoubted, revere noured, feared
Redounding tears, ing and flowi
Regiment, rule, ment.
Relate, bring ba
Relent his pace, to to stay.
Reliven, to live a
Remercied, thank
Rencounter, a fight, or adve
Renforst, reinfor
Renfie

Reprise, to make reprisals
Reseized, reinstated, in possession again.
Resiant, lodged, placed, resident.
Retrate, *Retraitt*, picture, portrait; air of the face. Also retreat, fall back, give ground.
Retyrd, drawn out.
Reverse, recall, return.
Reverst, dress again, to clothe again.
To *Rew*, rue, pity. *Rew*, a row. In a *Rew*, in a row.
Ribauld, a debauched fellow.
Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly.
Rift, gap, cleft, chink, or crack.
To *Rive*, to cleave asunder. *Riven*, rent, split, torn asunder.
Rode, inroad.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Roode, a cross.
Rosiere, a rose tree.
Rote, harp, or crowd.
Reve, *didst reve*, *i.e.* didst shoot thy roving arrows
Rowndell, a round bubble.
Royne, to bite or gnaw.
Rue. Vide *Rew*.
Ruffs, ornaments for the neck of plain or *ruffled* muslin or cambrick.
Ruinate, brought to ruin, overthrown.
Ruing, pitying. *Ruefully*, pitifully.
Ruth, pity.
Rybauld. Vide *Ribauld*.
Ryse. Vide *Rife*.
Ryved. Vide *Rive*.

S

Sad, grave.
Safe her, her excepted.
Salewd, saluted,
Saliaunce, sally, or assault.
Salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy.
Salved, saluted.
Sam, same; sometimes it signifies together.
Samite satin.
Say, a thin sort of silk stuff. *A sword of better say*, of better proof, assay.



Sclave, slave.
Sclaunders, *slanders*.
Scord, marked, engraved.
Score, reckoning.
Scorse, exchange.
Scrine, *Scryne*, chestcoffer.
Scruze, squeeze out, press out.
Scryde, descried.
Sdaine, disdain. *Sdeigned* disdained.
Seare, dry, consumed, burning, parching.
See, seat, habitation.
Seely, silly.
Selcouth, uncommon.
Sele, a seal-fish.
Select shapes, chosen ele-

Shallop, a boat
Shawmes, mus
ments, Psal
Shawm, is
signify a ha
Sheene, B. ii. (
Shend, to di
blame, to s
Shere, pure, cl
To *Shrieve*, to
of a confess
or *Shriving*,
Shright, shrieke
es, shrieking
Shrill, to soun
To *Shrowd*,
Shrouded in
vered, shelte

hed.
ı.
'e, surely.
sureness, safety.
simplicity.
for since.
Singults, sighs,
gs.
ıt, suits not. *Ill* it ill agrees, ill
s.
: that.
ıes.
ınce that time.
)grow sluggish.
hot, sweltering.
ınarl.
ıire, *i. e.* intang- a skain of silk.
ınub or check.
cnobs or knots
d.
;, clods of earth.
ry, hire; a sol- ay.
esum, substance
:et, or sweetly.
soothly, true.
pany. In *sort*, in
)rt or manner.

Soucing, plunging, falling.
Souldan, *Soudan*, *Soldan*, a king, tyrant, sovereign.
Sovenaunce, remembrance, recollection.
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands.
Sowne, sound. *With shrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30.
Soyle, the prey, the soiled beast.
Space, walk about, range about.
Spalles, *shoulders*.
Sperre the gate bar, or shut the gate.
Spersed air, for dispersed air.
Spill, to spoil, to destroy.
Spilt, shed, scattered over-
Spire, to breathe.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Springal, a youth, a stripling.
Spyals, espials, spies.
Spyre, it doth spire forth, or grow up to the fairest flower.
Stadle, staff.

Stales, incitements, devices, tricks.
Stank, weary or faint.
Starke, stiff with cold.
Star-read, doctrine of the stars; astronomy.
Steane, for stone.
Sted, place, seat, station, situation.
Steeme, smoke. *Steemed*, had exhaled.
Steemed, esteemed.
Stent, stint, stay, stop.
Stept, steeped, socked, wetted.
Sterne, tail.
Sterve, to perish, to die.
Stewen, sound, noise.
Stire, stir or move.
Stole, a garment, a matron's robe.
Stond, stand, station.
Stonied, astonished, or stunned.
Stoond. Vide *Stonied*.
Stound, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour, time.
Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl.
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit.
Straine, *Strene*, race, descent, family, origin.
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Stresse, distress.
To *Stye*, to ascend, to mount up.
Subverst, subverted, overthrown.
Successe, succession.
Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears.
Suppressing, keeping under
Suppresst, ravished.
Surbet, wearied.
Surcease, stop.
Surquedry, pride, presumption.
Sute, suit, petition, request.
Swart, swarthy, black.
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from.
Sway, management, direction, rule, motion.
Sweath-bands, swathe or swaddling-bands.
Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted.

Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place.
Swinck, labour.
Swound, a swoon or fainting fit.

T.

Targe, a buckler or shield.
Tassel, *Tossel*, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver.
Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, mischief, injury.
Tenor, the middle part next the base.
Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 33.
Thewes, manners, qualifications, customs.
Thilk, this, that.
Tho, then.
Thralled, enslaved.
Thralls, slaves.
Thrill, to pierce through.
Throw that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. *So mighty throwes*, strokes, blows *To sleepathrowe*, a smallwhile or space.
Thrust, *Thirstie*, thirst.
Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish.
Tide, a while, time, season, an hour.
Tight, tide.
Tind, kindled, excited.
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance,
Tort, wrong, injury.
Totty, dizzy, tottering.
Touzd, tugged and hauled about.
Tract, *by tract*, by tracing, by tract and footing.
Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. Do *Trade*, do walk.
Train, *Trayn*, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit.
Tramels, nets.
Translated, turned them to
Transmew, to transform, transmute.
Transverse, awry, out of [order.

ollowed as by tract
ooting.
ile, labour.
hour, *Treachetour*,
itor.
gue, a truce, cessation
arms; agreement.
n, of a tree, wooden.
nchand, *Trenchant*,
utting, sharp.
ad, path, footing.
ow, believe, imagine,
conceive.
o Truss, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground.
Turnament, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances.
Turribant, a turban.
Tway, two; *in Tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple.
Tweght, twit, upbraid.
Twitin, to blame, to upbraid.
ld, twofold.

Vaded, gone.
Valew, value, worth, valour.
Vantage, profit.
Vaunting, advancing.
Vaunt, to boast.
Vellenage, rather *villenage*, the meanest and lowest of tenure.
Venery, hunting of wild beasts, B. i. C. 6. St. 11.
Venger, revenger.
Ventayle, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting up.
Venteth into the wind, snuffs the wind.
Vere the maine shete, turn, shift.
Vetchy bed, (Shep. Cal.) bed of pease straw.
Vilde, vile.
Virelays, a kind of songs.
Visnomie, physiognomy, visage, aspect.
Umbriere, the visor of the helmet.

,unusual,strange,
; odd, deformed.
ag,attempt by un-
nd indirect means.
ne, the afternoon,
d the evening,
. C. 7. St. 13.
, not dight, disor-
; loosened, un-
),difficult,scarcely,
difficulty. Some-
it signifies almost.
to discover, to
ay.
, took them from
ree or temporary
ment where they
usually hanged,
C. 3. St. 37.
t, unadorned, or
of grace or ele-
:.
, not known.
unlike.
aide, unprovided,
urnished.
disquiet, uneasi-

unsweet.

Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiously,unwarily
Unweeting, unknowing, unawares, ignorant.
Unwist, not thought of, unknown.
Upbrast, burst open.
Upbrayes,upbraidings,reproaches.
Upwreaked, unrevenged.

W.

Wage, a pledge; likewise reward, wages.
Waift, a stray.
War, worse.
War-bable,able or powerful in war.
Ware, wary, cautious.
Ware, did wear.
Wareless, stupified.
War-old, old in war or strife.
Warray, to make war upon, to harass with war.
Warriouresse, a woman warrior, an Amazon.
Watchet, pale, blue.
Wawes, waves, *Upton*.
Wawes, waves,perhaps for woes, *Hughes*.

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Y

Ybet, beaten.
Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted.
Yblent, blinded, or confounded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclad, clad, clothed.
Ycleped, called, named.
Ydlesse, idleness.
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared.
Yearne, earn, get, procure.
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go.
Yeoman, sometimes signifies servant.
Yerks, yerks, jerks, lashes.
Yeven, given.
Yfere, in company, together.
Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up.
Yfraught, freighted, loaden.
Yfretted, the same as fretted.
Ygoe, gone.
Yit, yet; for the rhyme.
Ylike, alike.
Ymagery, images, figures.

Ymolt, molten, melted.
Ympe, *Impe*, offspring.
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff.
Yod. Vide *Yeed*.
Yold, yielded.
Yond, beyond.
Yore, of yore, anciently, formerly.
Youngth, youth.
Younker, a lusty young man.
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*.
Ypent, pent up, or folded like sheep.
Ypight, placed.
Yplaste, placed.
Yplight, plighted.
Yrapt, rapt in an ecstasy
Yre, ire, anger.
Yrent, rent.
Yrived, rived, riven.
Yroke, *Yvreaken*, *Yvreaken*, wreaked, revenge
Yoame, collected together
Ysbend, to spoil, to disgrace.
Ywis, *Iwis*, truly, indeed; to my own knowledge. Sometimes used expletively, sometimes ironically.

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